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A UNIQUE PERSONALITY.

All lovers of missions will read with joy on another page of this issue the tribute paid to them by Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, when on his visit to this country a few weeks ago. Perhaps, too, we shall hear of certain naval officers and others taking back some of the slanders they have uttered against these same missionaries.

The interest of Governor Li in Christian missions dates as far back as 1872. His wife, a person of fine character and high attainment, fell seriously ill, and the best of the Chinese doctors could do nothing for her. Finally Miss Howard, a doctor in connection with the American Presbyterian Mission in Peking, was called in and effected a complete cure. In gratitude for this Governor Li established a large hospital, employed the best foreign talent to manage it, and has supported it ever since.

The western world first heard of Li Hung Chang thirty-seven years ago, when he coöperated with Chinese Gordon in quelling the terrible Taeping rebellion. In Gordon he had the greatest confidence, and although he was at the time governor of the great province of Pe-chee-lee, he placed himself under the military control of the foreigner. Unfortunately Gordon had no warrant for the same confidence in him. His treachery at the fall of Soochow caused the death of the seven Wangs whom Gordon had passed his word to protect. This so infuriated Gordon that he seized his revolver and rushed to Li's tent to execute vengeance himself, but Li wisely had made himself scarce. Gordon then resigned his command of the forces. All entreaties and promises of honor on the part of the Chinese failed to make him return, and he only yielded two months later when he saw that if he did not do so the rebels would regain all they had lost, and the fearful bloodshed would go on worse than ever. Later, explanations were made which somewhat cooled Gordon's wrath, and from then till the time of Gordon's death the two men were fast friends.

One of the most striking events of Li's recent western tour was his going with his suite to lay a wreath on General Gordon's grave.

Nowhere in the world do we see such fulfilment of the only commandment with promise as we do in China. Nowhere in the world are parents so honored. On the death of a parent the sons resign all honors and employment, go to the ancestral tomb and mourn for months in sackcloth and ashes.

The mother of Li Hung Chang died when she was over ninety. He at once resigned his appointments and gave himself up to mourning at her sepulchre. But things went so badly at the court that the Emperor commanded him to resume his duties at once.

During the recent war Li Hung Chang was in supreme charge of the naval and military forces sent to Corea. He was not only Prime Minister, but Minister of War, Marine and Finance, a combination that in a constitutional country would not be thought of. Early in the war he was deprived of his yellow jacket and peacock's feather, the two highest honors in the kingdom, and was also deprived of the chief command, but in February, 1895, he was restored to full favor and sent to Japan to negotiate for peace. While there the attempt was made upon his life to which he refers when he thanks the Christian people for their prayers. He was severely wounded in the cheek with the bullet, but quickly recovered, and concluded his treaty of peace.

A returned missionary a few days ago described Li as a sly old fox like all Chinese officials, not to be trusted. His family is the strongest in China, and, like all such families, their wealth is made by the oppression of the poor.

'When he talks about religion,' says the New York 'Independent,' 'he talks not as we imagine a heathen ought to talk, but as one who is not far from us in thought and feeling, though differing widely from us in matters of creed, custom and ceremony.

'He that saith he is in the light and hateth his brother is in darkness.'—1 John ii., 9.

LI HUNG CHANG.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

'But, Elma! you dear child! what a plague it might be! A meeting every Tuesday! and to go whether you felt like it or not!'

So spoke Agnes Manning in reply to a timid invitation of her lifelong friend Elma Brooks to join the society of Christian Endeavor of the North Presbyterian church. Elma was not timid about other things; but not many months had passed since, in the presence of God's people in her home church and the great cloud of unseen witnesses who ever compass about the children of God, she had taken God the Father to be her Father, God the Son to be her Saviour, and God the Holy Ghost to be her Sanctifier, and she was filled with a great longing that this dear friend might share her joy.

Nothing daunted she tried again.

'But you went every week to the Pastime Club last year. Was that never a plague?'

'Elma Brooks! you witch! Is it fair to turn a past confidence against me in that fashion? I told you about the most horrid evening of all. Confidentially, however, I'll confess it is "more plague than profit.' 'Plague,' you see, was her favorite word, though she was a Wellesley graduate. 'Mamma wants me to be seen everywhere, for if we do not keep in the stream we shall soon be passed by,' continued this sage of twenty-two-and then, in a more wistful tone: 'Betweens' have a hard time in this world! You are a minister's daughter, and know just where you belong. They would be shocked if they saw you at the dances, and the theatricals, and the card parties; and if they did not see me—why, in a little while they would forget all about me.'

'But,' said the puzzled Elma, 'are such friends worth having? To come back to our society; there are people there of as good family, and some quite as rich and cultivated as the gay set.'

'Yes,' returned Agnes, 'but they would not care for me. I'm not like them—I enjoy the parties and things when all goes well. I'm young yet—I guess I'll try the world a little longer; and then, if it does not begin to pay better, perhaps I'll join the 'Endeavorers.'

They were just at the manse, and as they parted Elma almost whispered, 'O, Agnes, I want you to be a Christian Endeavorer! Nothing pays except to belong to Christ!'

All the way home these words sounded in her ears: 'Nothing pays except to belong to Christ.'

She knew it was true; she had already learned that keeping pace with society is hard work. She had toiled through hours of small talk, whether the young men were interesting or not, for fear the other girls would have more attention; worked hard to keep her somewhat limited wardrobe up to society standards; wasted time and energy calling on people who cared as little for her as she did for them, so as to be asked to their 'dances' and 'teas'; when, down in the depths of her heart, she knew that the day after a party she was happier than the day before—she knew then whether she had had a good time; and if she had not, it was over with.

She knew all this; but, like all young girls, though never quite satisfied with the present, she was full of hope for the future—dreamed of a time when life would be just a succession of 'good times,' leading up to a romance which should end all care.

But even the future has its shadows. Only last month one of her comrades, a fair young girl, had been laid away in the grave. All were quite certain where she belonged in this world; but no one was certain that she belonged to Christ.

'I think I'll go to the Christian Endeavor meeting this evening,' said Agnes at the dinner table.

'Do any of your set go?' queried her mother, a spice of disapproval in voice and manner.

'O, yes,' broke in irrepressible Tom, 'the Mowbrays and Lawrences, and lots of "first chops"—all the 'goody-goodies"; and Will Mowbray says some of them are just as much in earnest as people were last election time.

Mrs. Manning looked less disapproving at the mention of the Mowbrays and the Lawrences; and contented herself with expressing a hope that Agnes would not be inveigled into joining the society, as the winter promised to be a gay one. 'Remember,' she said, 'how delicate you are. I do not believe in religious dissipation.'

Mrs. Manning's name was on the roll of church members, and she would have been glad to see her daughter's there also; but this society she feared might unfit her for a successful social career. Like many another in these degenerate days, she was almost afraid of being too good.

'Mrs. Joline tells me,' she added, 'that it makes the people neglect the regular church services. When they had it Sunday night, for example, she used to meet a crowd of the younger members going home instead of staying for the evening service, or off walking, more probably. She says, too, that over at Rolston it has degenerated into a sort of literary and benevolent club; she believes the members spend all their time getting up entertainments and worrying people to buy tickets.'

Tom looked amused, and treasured these last words to fire at Will Mowbray the next time he 'bothered' him about going to the meetings. Tom hated to sit still.

Agnes stole away and ran across the street a few moments later to slip into a back seat, hoping no one would notice her. But Elma saw her and began to feel anxious lest all should not please her friend.

Had there ever been so few present! Where were they all? Agnes could have told her; she knew that in the opera house near by many of the members were gathering to listen to a noted singer.

Some one handed Agnes a hymn book, and opening it her eyes glanced over the Christian Endeavor pledge.

'Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise him that I will strive to do whatever he would like to have me to do; that I will make it the rule of my life to pray and to read the bible every day, and to support my own church in every way, especially by attending all her regular Sunday and mid-week services, unless prevented by some reason that I can conscientiously give to my Saviour.' . . . . .

'As an active member I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at and to take some part, aside from singing, in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, unless hindered by some reason that I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master.'

Elma was praying for her; asking the Holy Spirit to use that meeting to win her for Christ. But Satan, too, was on the watch; the powers of good and evil were warring for her soul. Her proud young lip curled. How could they take that solemn pledge? Was religion anything more than a passing enthusiasm? Could any be sure that they belonged to Christ?

She was sick at heart, disappointed in them; and resolved to make no professions, join no societies till quite certain that she would be an honor and not a disgrace.

They began to sing: 'I've found a friend in Jesus,' and a great longing surged through her heart to forsake all for Christ; but Satan, whose most efficient weapon is the inconsistency of professed Christians, whispered to her of the chairman of the 'Look Out Committee,' looking out for self at the concert, and suggested that the rest would have gone if they had dared.

Prayer and testimony followed—warm and faithful hearts were there, but Agnes went away as she came, because of those faithless ones who had forgotten that the lives of the professed followers of the Master are the worldling's bible—'epistles known and read of all men.'

And how fared the renegades? Some listened to the music without a thought but that they had a perfect right to be there; others, with more tender consciences, glanced about uneasily to see how many of their fellow members were present to sustain them, and wished they had not come. They were not happy—no half-hearted Christian is. 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.'

Mrs. Joline counted them with great satisfaction. 'She knew it would not lat.'

For months Agnes watched the working of that society as though her soul's chance of salvation depended upon the faithfulness of its members. Who will dare say it did not? And this is what she saw—some becoming less and less interested, and finally rarely at the religious meetings. When asked why they staid away, some said: 'The meetings are so stupid,' or 'The people are so unsocial,' or 'Mamma does not approve of it; she says if we go to the regular church services that is all that should be expected of us.'

That was part of what she noticed; but there was a brighter side. At the church gate on Sunday, and here and there during the week, she came upon happy, eager groups of young people. There was a unity of purpose, an interest in each other, a good comradeship about them, that somehow her 'set' lacked. The efforts of a committee whose work was to invite and welcome to the evening service those who had no church home, soon filled the much-bewailed empty seats.

On Saturday afternoon religious 'weeklies' were carried to the homes of the poor, in the hope that the pernicious Sunday newspaper might be supplanted by the grand old champions of truth and orthodoxy.

She saw faces growing in the beauty that comes from an inner life at peace with God; listened to voices raised in humble, fervent prayer that before had only spoken to God in secret; heard of weak ones guarded, lonely ones sought out and befriended, and sad hearts comforted.

There was a reality about all this; it fitted in with her ideal of the Christian life; but still she held aloof.

One day, dropping in upon the long-suffering Elma, who never wavered in her loving welcome, in spite of the wayward and often irritable manner of her friend, she found a group of 'Endeavorers' earnestly scanning a little book, and taking from it names and addresses.

'What new scheme now?' she asked, as the door closed upon them.

We have no space for the conversation; but what she learned, under the seal of secrecy, was this.

The whole congregation and Sunday-school had been classified, and in this little book were recorded the names of those who had not yet openly confessed Christ; from it the workers were selecting those each could best reach, to try to win them through prayer and effort to surrender to Christ and become his open followers.

'Elma!' cried Agnes, 'now I know you are in earnest! I've always felt that there must be some sham about the Christianity of people who profess to believe that their unconverted friends are going down to destruction and make no effort to prevent it. Wouldn't we snatch even our enemy from a burning house or pull him back from a precipice? Elma, I'm sure you've taken me!'

She hurried home, ran up to her quiet room, locked and bolted the door. She was at last willing to do anything for the sake of being a Christian. She would walk over burning ploughshares, go in sackcloth and ashes all her days, to win the certainty of salvation.

The Sunday before, Dr. Brooks had preached from the text:—'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;' but her heart was as cold as the snowdrifts outside. How could she make herself believe? Perhaps she had put it off too long. She had promised to try to surrender to Christ. What did that mean?

She grew quieter as the silver light of the moon flooded the room; she was so tired with the conflict.

At last, kneeling by the window, gazing into the starry sky, these words came in awestruck tones from her lips:—

'O God! I do not understand it—I do not know how to believe—show me, for Christ's sake! Take me just as I am, and make me what thou wouldst have me to be.'

And purer than radiance of moon or star was the light that dawned in her soul; for unto her the 'Sun of Righteousness' had arisen. She was no longer weary and heavy-laden, for there is 'healing in his wings.'

And around the throne of God in heaven was sound of 'hallelujah' and 'joy among the angels' over 'one sinner that repented.'
—J. W. Gardner, in New York 'Observer.'

DR. ARNOLD'S DAILY PRAYER.

Dr. Arnold's daily prayer was as follows:
'O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in this busy world. Now, ere I enter on it I would commit eye and ear and thought to thee. Do thou bless them, and keep their work thine, that as through thy natural laws my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when my mind cannot conspicuously turn to thee to commit each particular thought to thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen.'

AN IMPRESSIVE INCIDENT.

I was travelling through the western portion of the State of Texas in the autumn of 1889, and stopped one night at a little village called Youngsport, having probably seventy-five inhabitants. There was no inn, and I was entertained by an old settler at his residence.

About midnight I was awakened from sleep by loud voices and the hurrying of feet. I arose, and looking out, saw a bright light about two hundred yards away. Hastily dressing, I found that one end of a new church building was on fire.

The house had just been erected at a cost of perhaps five hundred dollars by the people of the village. They were all poor, and its loss would prove a sad blow to them. I think I never saw such signs of distress as were exhibited by many of the spectators. From their excited remarks I learned that a 'revival' meeting was announced to be held the next day in the building, and the impression seemed to be that some enemy had set fire to the church.

Up to this time the fire was confined to the outside of the wall at the back of the building, and the flames were making slow headway. Water, even for drinking purposes, was very scarce that fall. None, in fact, could be obtained to extinguish the flames. The excited people were running impotently about, thinking it was useless to attempt to stay the fire.

At this juncture a man appeared in the crowd. He was about forty-five years of age, black-bearded, with a homely, earnest face. For a moment he stood staring at the fire. Then, flinging his arms above his head and gazing into the sky, in a strong, earnest voice he began to pray. His words and tones were the embodiment of entreaty.

'Father,' he cried, 'pardon us, pardon us. Thou of whom we have been told that no sparrow falls to the ground but its loss is felt by Thee, Thou hast known our efforts, our self-denials for Thy sake. How we have builded this lowly temple to Thee with much hardship. How we are without means to build another. How we meant, if in Thy wisdom another day dawned upon us, that Thy dear word should be preached here. We are unworthy. Our very prayers may be selfish and unworthy. But, O Thou Searcher of hearts, Thou knowest it was for Thy glory.

'Many hungry souls will come with to-morrow's dawn to be refreshed at Thy altar, and we, stricken with loss, how can we satisfy them? Thy cause will be homeless here. Thy people will return with empty hearts—some, perhaps, to ways of sin. Consider, we beseech Thee, our cry. Remember in help and sympathy our loss. This home is our all. It has been our delight in anticipation to think that in it Thy name could be upheld, and immortal souls brought to Thee. O Lord, our God, stay these flames. Come Thou to our rescue. Only, if our wish lacks submission to Thy will, and is unworthy in Thy sight, forgive. But if worthy, grant to Thy servants a gracious answer, that this threatened calamity may be stayed. We plead forgiveness for those who have transgressed against us, and unto Thee, O Thou Divine Helper, be honor and glory and praise and power forever and ever. Amen.'

The prayer was hardly more than two minutes in length, during which the fixed attention of the crowd of people had been held, and their hearts touched by the preacher. Few had noticed the black wall of cloud that was sweeping with almost hurricane fury down from the north-west. The last words of the prayer had barely been spoken, when there fell slight drops of rain. Silence followed. There was not a sound of leaf or wind to break the stillness. Then, in an instant, flashed forth a blinding flood of light almost above us, and a burst of thunder that made the very earth rock beneath our feet.

A wild cry burst from the people, a cry half of fear, half of faith and thanksgiving. Shrieking in its might a hurricane hurtled past us, tearing the flame from the burning wall, and heaving upon it a drench of rain that flooded the crowd of trembling people and the endangered building.

In the fright and confusion, amid the roar and turmoil of the tempest, it seemed hardly more than an instant from the moment the first drops of rain fell until the fire was quenched, and I found myself stumbling half-drowned to my feet from the ground, where the wind and the water had hurled me. I heard the excited voices of the people calling out of the darkness to each other, and southward was the roar of the departing tempest.

The wall of the church building was only charred, the flame had not burned through it.

I was in the city of Waco, Texas, in the summer of 1890, while a church conference was in progress, and straying into the hall where it was in session, I saw upon the platform the homely, earnest preacher of Youngsport. He was describing, in glowing words, to an intensely interested audience the magnitude and far-reaching character of the religious awakening which began the day following that night of fire and rain.

He held the people spellbound while he pictured the might and majesty and glory of Him who rules alike the hurricane, and holds gentle companionship with souls that seek His service and desire His love.—'Youth's Companion.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

WATCH!

(By Rev. James Cooke Seymour.)

Watch! as a soldier on guard. Every true Christian is a soldier on guard. He does not know the moment an enemy may appear. He must keep a sharp eye on the very signs of danger. Evil puts on many innocent-looking forms. The Christian sentinel must never forget this. Bunyan's 'Parley, the Porter,' made the mistake of listening to the smooth tongue of the enemy, and so 'Soul Castle' was captured and destroyed. We must not make this mistake.

An Emperor of Germany was once passing in disguise through his army. He came upon a wounded sentinel, still holding his post. 'My friend,' he said, 'why don't you go and get your wound dressed?'

'I will die rather than desert my post, sir,' he replied.

'Go,' said the king, 'and I will take your place.'

We must never desert our sentinel-post until Christ Himself relieves us.

Watch! We need to look closely within as well as without. All the perils are not outside. We carry quite a few along with us inside. We need to keep a steady eye on that great internal kingdom which includes our thoughts and feelings, our motives and principles, our affections, prejudices and passions, our judgment and beliefs. You can run from an enemy sometimes, but you cannot run away from yourself. Especially must we watch closely at those royal gates of the soul—the eye and the ear. 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' We must 'keep the door of our lips.' Watch what goes in as well as what goes out. If people let in plenty of whiskey they will be apt to let out plenty of cursing and bitterness. If the tobacco quid is let in a good deal of what the old prophet called 'shameful spewing' will be let out, sometimes even on the church floor or occasionally on the ladies' dresses!

Watch the small beginnings of sin! A great fire does not usually burst out in a moment. It begins with a spark. It was the old lady's lantern upset, they say, that ended in the great Chicago fire a few years ago. Watch the sparks of sin and put them out as quickly as you can. A good deal of Holland, as you know, is below the sea level. They build great dykes to keep out the sea. They watch these dykes day and night. A little boy one day saw some drops of water trickling through one spot. He put his hand on it in a moment and called loudly for help. By-and-by a crowd came, and it was all they could do to stop the gap. If they had not stopped it a good part of Holland would soon have been overflowed with the sea. Do not let sin make a breach in the ramparts of your Christian life ever so small. Watch and stop it before it is well begun.

Watch your opportunities. They come but once, many of them, and never return. David saw a fine opportunity to do a good thing for his country in slaying Goliath. It turned out a good thing for himself, too, as all noble acts do.

Samuel's opportunity was on that night God called him. He watched to some purpose when he answered, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' That was the making of him for life. Every day brings a chance to do some good thing that we will never have again.

Youth always comes ten times in everybody's life—yes, ten times—all but nine! You will have ten opportunities to begin serving God in early life—all but nine. Life is like a great river. Its flow is onward. You cannot turn back its flood. Now is your time. Get into the current that will bear you safely and surely to the blissful ocean of eternal joy. A holy life is the only stream that flows that way.

Watch! Keep at it, and all at it, and always at it. 'What I say unto one I say unto all, watch!' You will be within range of the devil's fiery darts clear up to your last breath. You will get done with those darts when heaven's door shuts after you, not before. Watch that your faith is strong enough to quench them all.

Watch the unfolding of God's love to you. He is drawing it out in greater length and richer beauty, and sweeter tenderness and grander breadth and mightier power every day. Watch with joy that glorious development. Watch His guiding eye, His leading hand, His omnipotent protection, His unfailing fidelity. Keep watching until the pearly gates come in sight, and the songs of the blessed fall on your ear and the vision of glory is lost in eternal realization.

You have a post, a watch to keep—
Betray it not—he dares not sleep
Who trims the lonely lighthouse lamp,
Or guards the fortress or the camp,
From footsteps of the foe.

Live for the present, work to-day;
Its duties cannot brook delay;
To-morrow will not do; the chime
Rings out the knell of passing time;
We reap but as we sow.

Paisley, Ont.

LI HUNG CHANG ON MISSION WORK.

The most remarkable tribute Christian missions have ever received from a non-Christian source was that paid them by the Viceroy of China, Li Hung Chang, on his visit to this country a few days ago. In his address in New York before the representatives of the different missionary societies at work in China, he said:—

'In the name of my august Master, the Emperor of China, I beg to tender you his best thanks for your approval and appreciation of the protection afforded to the American missionaries in China. What we have done—and how little we have done on our part—is but the duty of our government; while the missionaries, as you have so well expressed, have not sought for pecuniary gains at the hands of our people. They have not been secret emissaries of diplomatic schemes. Their labors have no political significance, and the last, not the least, if I might be permitted to add, they have not interfered with or usurped the rights of the territorial authorities. . . . . As a man is composed of soul, intellect and body, I highly appreciate that your eminent Boards, in your arduous and much-esteemed work in the field of China, have neglected none of the three. I need not say much about the first, being an unknowable mystery of which even our great Confucius had no knowledge. As for intellect, you have started numerous educational establishments which have seryed as the best means to enable our countrymen to acquire a fair knowledge of the modern arts and sciences of the west. As for the material part of our constitution, your societies have started hospitals and dispensaries to save not only the soul but also the body of our countrymen. I have also to add that in the time of famine in some of the provinces you have done your best for the greatest number of sufferers to keep their bodies and souls together.

'Before I bring my reply to a conclusion I have only two things to mention. The first, the opium-smoking, being a great curse to the Chinese population, your societies have tried their best, not only by anti-opium societies but to afford the best means to stop the craving for the opium, and also you receive none as your converts who are opium-smokers.

'I have to tender, in my own name, my best thanks for your most effective prayers to God to spare my life when it was imperiled by the assassin's bullet, and for the most kind wishes which you have just now so ably expressed in the interests of my Sovereign, my country and my people.'

WHAT SHE COULD.

(By Louise Davidson.)

'Yes, Nelly, I'll ask her, but it won't do any good, I know. You see my mamma doesn't believe in Foreign Missions to begin with, and I'm sure she'll say no the very first thing.'

'Well, ask her, Grace, anyway, it won't hurt to try, and she may say yes!'

'I wish she would, Nelly, just this once,' and the sober little face suddenly brightened, 'but no, no' (with a most emphatic shake of the head), 'she won't, I know.'

'Oh, dear, Grace Warren! now you're not going to give up without trying? Why, when I want anything I just tease and tease till I get it. I just wish you could hear me once.'

'What, after your mother has said no?'

'Why, yes, of course. Mamma has to give in to me—'

'Oh-h-h,' said Grace, thoughtfully. 'I should think a mother's no meant no—else—what are they here for?'

'Oh, you queer Grace Warren! You do say such funny things. But here we are at my gate, and I must go in to help mamma. You won't forget your promise, will you? And if she says yes, let me know.'

'All right, Nelly, I'll remember'—and then two little girls parted, and one little girl with a very sober face went on alone to her own home.

As Grace Warren entered the little sewing-room where her mother sat bending over a piece of fancy-work, she noticed the forbidding look on her mother's face—('Oh, dear!' she thought, 'mamma's busy, ever so busy, and there's that frown! I never like to ask mamma anything when that wrinkle's there! and yet, I promised Nelly I'd try. I wish she would look up and smile, it would help so—and it's Foreign Missions!—oh, dear! I wish I did know how to begin!') and before she hardly knew it, Grace had begun, twirling her hat in the meanwhile according to the violence of her emotions.

What her mother heard was this:—

'Miss Owen—Mission Band—wants me to join—Nelly Curtis—all the girls—three cents a jug—meet to sew—read aloud—Fair in the Fall—break—jugs—and, oh dear me! its perfectly lovely! may I, please?'

'May you—what?' said Mrs. Warren, thoughtfully regarding a leaf, and wondering if it would 'look better one shade darker'—then looking up.

'I'll tell you what you may not do! Wear out that hat-elastic! I should think a girl your age could remember a few things. It costs money to buy new elastics every now and then, or even missionary jugs!'

'Why, mamma! you can get a whole yard for three cents!'

'Of what? missionary jugs?' and a grim little smile showed itself for a moment on Mrs. Warren's face. She could afford to laugh now, that 'troublesome leaf' was beginning to look beautiful. Grace saw her opportunity and seized it.

'Oh, mamma dear! you know what I mean. Won't you please give me three cents for a jug and allow me to join the Mission Band? Just think of the poor, dear little children in foreign lands.'

'Well, I'm thinking of them. Do you suppose they're standing around crying for jugs?'

'Now, mamma, you are funny. You know it's the contents, and the money educates them, and then they learn ever so many things.'

'Yes, I dare say—learn some things they need not know. That's the way it always is, Grace—with all the good they learn so much evil, I think they'd be better off in their ignorance. Wait until you've lived as long in the world as I have, and you'll see the folly of giving to Foreign Missions.

'But, mamma, it makes the one who gives feel happy, there's something in that, and, perhaps by-and-bye, if people keep on giving, the poor heathen will know how to take it, and perhaps they'll be able to teach us something.'

'Heathen teach us something! Grace Warren—you incomprehensible child—there! see what you've done arguing for Missions—made me spoil that leaf! now every stitch must come out!' and back came that ominous frown to Mrs. Warren's brow.

Poor little disappointed Grace! How had she caused that mistake! and why did mamma feel so? and what was a leaf of embroidery, any way? and then the big tears filled her eyes to overflowing and went rolling down the plump little face.

Perhaps the unreasonableness of the accusation struck Mrs. Warren; perhaps Grace's tears moved her; perhaps conscience suggested something—whatever it was, she said, in a few moments:—

'Grace, I think I will let you have your own way in this matter—by way of experiment if nothing else, but remember! every bit of money put into that jug must be earned! You are not to ask any one for a single penny, no, not a penny! I am no friend to missions, that every one knows, but whatever you can earn you may put in that jug, and I hope you'll have pride enough to prevent its being an empty one when broken at the Fair.'

Then Mrs. Warren opened her pocketbook and handed grace a three-cent piece, and smiled complacently, as if such munificence were deserving of untold future reward!

Grace took the money gratefully, and her hearty 'oh, thank you, mamma dear!' as she skipped out of the house to 'tell Nelly,' gave Mrs. Warren a peculiar sensation.

'I do believe,' she said, 'that child is as happy over that three-cent piece and the prospect of doing something for some one she never has seen in her life, as if I had given her just so many dollars to spend in some foolishness with her playmates. What an odd child she is, to be sure! and how little we mothers know, after all, what will make a child happy—but as for Foreign Missions, ah, me! what a delusion it all is! There are enough at home needing our help—in fact, all our attention without going abroad to help those who are well enough off without it—that's my opinion,' and shielding herself behind that well-worn excuse, Mrs. Warren went calmly on with her work. Calmly?—well, hardly that, for every now and then, it came to her that although in theory she believed in helping those 'at home,' in practice, she was wholly deficient, and had never yet been known to give a dollar to help the needy around her! and there she was now putting the finishing touches to a bit of embroidery that had required so much time and skill—yes; and even money! 'Enough,' as she said with an odd little laugh, 'to buy any number of missionary jugs.' Surely the pattern seemed to stare at her—'nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves'—ah! if at that moment Mrs. Warren could have heard the two little girls talking!

'You ought to have seen mamma when I asked her, Grace! She didn't wait a minute—said right out—"I'm so glad to see you interested in such work, Nelly, it means so much to me," and then she gave me thirteen cents! three for the jug, and ten to put in it—wasn't she just a lovely mamma?'

'Y-e-s,' answered Grace, wondering why mothers were 'so different,' but loyal to her own, added somewhat hesitatingly:—'Mamma didn't give me anything to put in mine—but I suppose she'll tell me how to earn something for it, and then I'll feel it more.'

Dear, trusting little Grace! Has every little girl such confidence in her mother's way? But Mrs. Warren showed no willingness to help, and so, the time rolled on till within a week or two of the Fair. To be sure the jug was not empty, for Grace had earned eleven cents, and shall I tell you how? Brother Ben had dared dear, little, timid Grace to drive Mrs. Wilken's cow down the lane for five cents! and Grace, for the sake of the 'poor little girl in India,' had performed her 'duty.'

What if Ben did say to himself:—'The cow is as mild as a snail'—it was an undertaking for Grace, and Ben ought to have been ashamed of himself.

The rest was earned in this way (Ben again!)—and that boy actually declared himself to his friend, Arthur Delafield, 'one of the pillars of the great work for Foreign Missions'—three cents for picking out and reeling up tangled fishing lines, and three more for filling a can full of worms! Think of that, dear, dainty little girls, who have no lazy, teazing brothers!

'Ben,' said Grace, as she brought him the can. 'I did think, I really did, the cow was terrible, but this was awful! You don't know what hard work it was! If it hadn't been for the little girl in India and Luther, I never could have stood it.'

'Luther!' said Ben.

'Yes, Ben, don't you remember about the diet of worms? Poor man! he must have suffered terribly. I had to keep saying over and over again, every time I put a worm in the can—Luther!—Little girl in India!—Luther, Little girl— Oh! but don't ask me to do it again.'

Then that perfectly demoralized brother Ben laughed until the woods echoed! But suddenly catching sight of the little, tear-stained face, stopped.

'Never mind, Grace,' he said, 'I felt funny just then—you're just as nice as you can be, and a real hero.'

'Thank you, Ben—but won't you tell me why you laughed?'

'Oh don't ask me, Sis,' and then as Ben began to 'look funny again,' Grace took the proffered six cents and walked thoughtfully away.

Now, can any little girl tell why Ben laughed?

* * * * * *

It would take too long to tell of all the different ways in which the little girls made money grow in their jugs; not all made it a matter of conscience and put in only what they earned; a great many teased father, mother, aunts, uncles and all friends for pennies and nickels until many of the friends said:—'What does all this amount to? It's only a question of heavy jugs, after all.'

But that's the way with a great many noble undertakings, people will talk and find fault with imperfect workers, when they might better be teaching them how to work, or sharing with them some of the hardships of labor. A few of the girls had done really noble work. They had denied themselves this and that, and could tell of many little battles fought with self for the good of the missionary cause.

Florence Wilson went without a bottle of shoe-polish she very much needed; and placed what it would have cost in her jug, and then blacked her shoes with her father's blacking. 'Pooh!' you say, 'that wasn't much to do, and it's ever so much better for the leather.' True, but Florence didn't know that, and besides, Florence was very particular and very fond of French polish; then, too, Florence went without peanuts one whole week! and for two weeks never ate any butter on her bread. Of course, Florence told of these things, and the girls all thought she was 'too lovely for anything,' and in view of her great trials and the fact that she was 'Judge Wilson's only child,' great things were expected of her.

Nelly Curtis said she'd 'rather go without bread than butter,' and if the heathen children were 'going to give so much trouble, she'd ever so much rather 'drop them altogether.' But Nelly did do something for them after all. She made paper flowers and sold them. Mrs. Curtis said it was a 'very pretty way of helping the heathen,' but they were beautiful flowers and sold readily, and Mrs. Curtis hoped Nelly was thinking of the good the money would do, and not of the fame she was creating—for Nelly's flowers were the admiration of all.

Grace Warren wished she could 'do such things.' She almost thought she could, but where would the money for tissue-paper come from? Besides, 'every girl ought to do something different.' This she told to Ben, and Ben in a sudden spasm of generosity gave her five cents, saying, 'I suppose I'll be ruined in time, but take that, Sis, and do what you want to with it.'

Five cents! And yet Grace could hardly have been happier if it had been just so many dollars!

'Oh, you dear, dear, lovely Ben!' she said, and away she flew out of the house before Ben had time to collect himself, and was soon at Ovington's drug store, where she invested the whole of that precious five cents in a bottle of mucilage! Reckless extravagance! But Grace saw wonderful results ahead. She knew of a certain pile of advertising cards, of certain bits of gold-lace paper carefully saved from raisin boxes, and of three whole sheets of tissue-paper! To be sure, it was folded; and 'wouldn't do for flowers, but it would for dolls,' and it did do grandly.

Her mother saw her working away so patiently and faithfully, and while she thought a very great deal, said nothing, but cheerfully gave her consent to a 'doll's fair,' and actually loaned her work-table for the occasion!

It hardly seemed possible a little girl with only a few pieces of fancy paper, advertising cards, mucilage, and a pair of sharp scissors, could turn out such beautiful work. But such was the case, and Grace felt very proud and happy that Friday afternoon when the girls came in to see what she had done, and nearly all bought a doll.

'How did you do it, Grace?' they asked.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

The competition of the seven companies of the Boys' Brigade for the flag presented by the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association last week was witnessed by a large crowd of interested spectators.

The visit of His Excellency the Governor-General to the exhibition was considered a very fitting occasion on which to make the presentation, as His Excellency is president of the Canadian brigade. Just here it may be stated that he takes a deep interest in the organization, and when he was asked to present the flag he expressed the pleasure it would give him to do so, and so it came about that long before he had finished his address in the grand stand yesterday afternoon the Boys' Brigade—that is, the Toronto battalion, was anxiously awaiting him.

The boys all wore the regulation blue cap, with white button and band. The officers wore cross belts, while all were equipped with neatly-folded haversacks and buff belts. The latter bore a brass buckle, with embossed anchor, and the letters B. B.—the initials of the organization. Each was armed with a wooden imitation rifle.

Lieut.-Col. Hamilton, in his white undress jacket, commanded the parade, while Major Bruce, of the Royal Grenadiers, and Capt. Mercer, of the Queen's Own, officiated as judges.

As the boys, company by company, marched into the ring with arms at 'the shoulder,' they were loudly applauded by the hundreds of visitors who formed a living fence outside the wooden one surrounding the green. One old soldier actually took off his hat and shouted 'Hurrah!' as one company went by shoulder to shoulder, their line as straight as the proverbial stone wall. The hurrah was contagious, for it was taken up by those round the gate.

The battalion was formed in column on the north of the grounds, and turned to the west. No unnecessary time was lost in beginning the inspection, and the first company of the battalion, dressed in white sweaters and presenting a really attractive appearance, was marched forward for the ordeal.

For the guidance of the officers the following, amongst other instructions were formulated. 'Each company, to be eligible for the competition, was to consist of not less than ten files, and was to be drilled by its own officers. A maximum of twenty points each was allowed for general appearance; inspection and proving, manual exercise, forming line from column at the halt, and forming column from line at the halt—a possible of 100 points. It is only fair to those who did not win the prize to state that every company did well—better than well; in fact, considering the youth of the young soldiers, they did phenomenally well, both in the company movements and in the manual.

But they had not completed the whole of the drill programme when the southern gates were thrown open, and three carriages dashed in, and as the band of the 48th struck up the National Anthem everybody recognized that the viceregal party was on the grounds. Hats were doffed and a ringing cheer went up, to which His Excellency responded by raising his hat.

The carriages moved round by the eastern end of the green, and finally that of His Excellency took up a position at the saluting base, which was fixed on the north side. When all was ready the battalion formed line, its head facing east, and the march past began. As the band struck up a lively march they stepped off in excellent time, and as they neared, the sharp command rang out, 'Eyes left,' and every eye was turned on the figure of the gentleman who, standing in his carriage, returned the salute. Company after company passed by, and then the column, halting on the south of the green, formed line and went through the manual exercise. Col. Hamilton appeared to thoroughly enter into the spirit of the affair, as, in fact, did every one present. Then followed the command, 'Royal salute: present arms.' The band again played part of the National Anthem; hats were raised, and the review was practically at an end. The line, however, advanced and retired in echelon, after which His Excellency was handed the flag by Mr. Withrow, and addressed the boys. He said he was delighted to hold in his hand the emblem of the nation that had done so much for civilization. He trusted that every little soldier would realize the grand fact that he was a citizen of the greatest nation of the world, and that their connection with the brigade would prove of lasting benefit, not only to themselves but to their country.

The Rev. Dr. W. A. Hunter, president of the Toronto battalion, replied in a few brief and appropriate words, as he received the flag, after which the line formed column to the west, and, with Lord Aberdeen, stood for their photograph to be taken. The viceregal party then drove over to the tent of the Ancient Order of Foresters, where another interesting event took place.

After they had gone the drill competition was concluded, and resulted in No. 7 company winning the flag, No. 3 being second, and No. 11 third.

Three cheers were given for No. 7 by all the boys, as the president handed the flag over, and a few minutes later the battalion was dismissed.

ANNUAL COUNCIL MEETING.

On the following day there was a meeting of the council, presided over by the Brigade President, His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen. The annual report showed that during the year fifty-nine new companies had been enrolled, making a total of over a hundred companies in good active standing, with four hundred officers and thirty-five hundred boys as members. The financial statement shows a deficit of $269. A resolution of thanks was tendered to His Excellency the Governor-General for his encouragement of the work. These officers were elected:—Brigade president, His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen; brigade vice-president, the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A., St. John, N.B.; the Hon. Senator Allan, Toronto; the Rev. J. H. Dixon, Montreal; Major Walker, Calgary, N.W.T.; the Rev. Canon Beanlands, Victoria, B.C.; brigade secretary and treasurer, Mr. T. W. Nisbitt, headquarters office, Boys' Brigade Hall, Sarnia, Ont.

THE STORY OF AN APPLE.

It was a very large red apple, so ripe and mellow that it was a pleasure even to look at it. It lay on the broad top of a stone wall, the most unlikely place in the world for an apple to grow, as Bert very well knew.

'I s'pose it fell down from that big tree up there,' Bert reflected, glancing toward the great oak which threw its shade far over the street. But the oak tree shook its boughs protestingly, and rustled its leaves as if whispering denials. 'Anyway, I don't believe it belongs to anybody round here,' said Bert, taking the apple in his hand and pinching its juicy sides, 'an' I'm goin' to take just one bite.'

After he had taken one bite he took several, and very soon finished the apple, including the seeds. And then he put his hands in his pockets and walked down the street, whistling as he went a very original variation of 'Home, Sweet Home.'

A moment later a small boy with a freckled face climbed upon the stone wall and began to look eagerly about him. After a little he apparently gave up his search and followed Bert down the street, rubbing his eyes hard with a somewhat ragged coat sleeve.

Bert lingered at the street corner. He felt an unaccountable interest in the freckle-faced boy, which prompted him to ask half timidly, as the other passed: 'Say, what's the matter with you?'

The freckle-faced boy stopped rubbing his eyes and looked about him somewhat savagely. Then, seeing the real interest in Bert's face, his manner changed. 'I call it a mean trick!' he said in a rather quavering voice. 'I left an apple for my mother on the stone wall, an' I went to chase a squirrel for a minute, an' when I came back somebody had stolen the apple. It ain't as if I was going to eat it myself; but when a feller's got something nice for his mother' —and here a lump seemed to rise in the freckle-faced boy's throat and choked him.

Bert found himself breathing hard. 'If your mother likes apples,' he suggested feebly at length, 'I should think she'd buy some.'

The freckle-faced boy regarded him somewhat contemptuously. 'You don't s'pose she's got money to buy apples with, do you?' he demanded. 'Why, she's a widow woman, an' it's all she can do to get money enough to take care of us. A feller up town gave me that apple for runnin' an errand,' added the boy, his mind gloomily reverting to his loss. 'My mother used to live on a farm and have lots of apples. That's why she likes them so much.'

It was just dinner time when Bert reached home. There was apple pie for dessert, and on the sideboard was a dish heaped high up with the red-cheeked Northern spy and golden-brown russets.

'Farmer Watson was here this morning,' Bert's mother said, 'and he brought us a bushel of those nice eating apples. Are you not glad, Bert?'

'I don't like apples any more,' Bert murmured with his eyes on his plate.

And thereupon his father laughed aloud. 'Don't like apples!' he exclaimed. 'How long since, my boy?'

But his mother, after one glance at Bert's downcast face, knew that something was weighing on his mind.

Late in the afternoon he came to her. 'See here, mamma,' he began, with an air of constraint most unusual, 'would you mind if I should take a basket of apples to a boy I know? He's a real nice boy, an' his mamma hasn't money enough to buy apples.'

'Certainly you may take him some apples, dear,' answered his mother, wondering how long it would be before her boy would tell her all. And then Bert kissed her very soberly and went on his errand.

The freckle-faced boy's mother was away that afternoon, sewing for a neighbor, but the boy was at home, and when he saw Bert's offering the blood rushed to his face, temporarily eclipsing the freckles. 'Did you bring those because I told you about that apple this morning?' he said. 'Well, see here, you're the best fellow I ever saw. You're'—

But Bert could not endure the undeserved praise. 'I'm not a good fellow at all!' he cried desperately. 'I'm just as mean as I can be. I saw that apple of yours on the wall this morning, an' I kind of hoped it was n't anybody's, but I knew well enough 'twas. An'—I ate it.'

There was a moment's silence, and Bert moved toward the door. Then the freckle-faced boy came to his side and the two lads looked into each other's eyes. If they had been girls they would have kissed each other, and if they had been men they would have clasped hands. But being only two boys, they did neither.

'Look here,' said the freckle-faced boy, 'you need n't mind about that apple. It's all right, you know. An' my mother, she'll be awfully obliged for these.' He cleared his throat and added with an air of relief: 'Say don't you want to see my white mice?'

It is needless to say that Bert accepted the invitation. But his heart was not quite light again until he had laid his head on his mother's knee that evening and told her all. And though it is years since he received her sweet forgiveness, to this day Bert never sees a red apple but there flashes into his mind a picture of a vine-covered stone wall, and the recollection of the temptation which came upon him unawares and conquered him.—'Happy Hours.'

A TEMPERANCE BOY.

I'm a temperance boy, all through and through,
From the crown of my head to the sole of my shoe;
From these restless feet to these noisy lips,
From my toes to my busy finger tips.
And from heart and brain, from healthiest lung
Shall this sentiment flow, while my willing tongue
Shall proclaim its joys as loud as I can,
Until I'm a full-grown temperance man.

At home and at school, or wherever I go
I want all my friends to decidedly know
That I'm pledged to the temperance cause for life,
And whenever its friends engage in a strife
Against that foe, whose tarnishing hand
Would blight and blacken our beautiful land,
You may look for me in the midst of the fray;
And since boys must fight, as wise people say,

I will give King Alcohol no playful taps,
But deal him my hardest and heaviest raps.
I'll fight when I'm young, I'll fight when I'm old,
In springtime, or summer, or winter's fierce cold.
Perhaps I shall live till the battle is won,
And this giant's race forever is run,
Till our land, relieved from his bitter reign,
Shall a perfect and glorious freedom gain.

'Oh, it was easy enough, girls. You just cut out the heads, and paste them on bodies, and then arrange the draperies to suit the faces.'

'Oh, yes, it all looks easy,' said Nelly Curtis, 'but it's one of these things none of us thought of, and I think we ought to all buy a doll to help Grace along.'

'I have bought two,' said Florence Wilson, and she looked longingly at the remaining few.

Just then in came Miss Owen. Ben had met her and asked if she 'only would go in to look at Grace's dolls.'

'Well, really, Grace, you are certainly artistic. I shall have to give you a table at my Fair. How much are these? What? Only six cents? Ridiculous!' and Miss Owen opened her purse and paid fifteen cents a piece for the remaining three.

'Oh, Miss Owen! they're not worth that, indeed they're not,' said Grace.

'Pardon me, my dear child, I think they are, and then, too, you know one has a right to give freely to a worthy object.'

'Wasn't Miss Owen lovely?'

After they had all gone, Grace sat down with paper and pencil and made out the following account:—

Cow-money,	5 cents.	
For the lines,	3 cents.	
For the worms,	3 cents.	('Ugh! weren't they awful?')
	11 cents.	

'Now, that's what I had before the girls came in.

Then 2 dolls at	5c.,	10c.—	Wasn't Florence good?
5 " "	1c.,	5c.—	
3 " "	2c.,	6c.—	On hand, 11c.
3 " "	15c.,	45c.—	Made, 66c.
13 dolls,		66c.—	Total, 77c.

'I wonder what Ben'd say to that. I suppose I ought to put in his five cents somewhere, but I don't know how, and, anyway, he'd say it was "just like a girl's account," only I do like to look at that "On hand" and "Total." I wish Ben could see it.'—'Illustrated Christian Weekly.'

'I NEVER SAW TILL I WAS BLIND.'

(By Mrs. Evered Poole.)

Twenty years ago a clergyman and his wife entered upon their duties in a small parish on the southern coast of England. Mr. and Mrs. Jones from the first moment of their arrival went up and down the parish, calling first on one and then on another, with a bright, cheery word for every one. One afternoon they determined to pay a few more visits. They paused before a little house.

'Let us commence here,' said Mr. Jones, as he knocked.

There was a short delay, and then the door opened a few inches and a man's face looked out at them. It was rather a fine-featured face, with luxuriant beard and moustache, but the eyes were defiant and hard.

'What do you want?' he asked, surlily.

'May we come in?' said the gentle voice of Mrs. Jones; and although the man looked ungracious enough at her, he did not refuse he simple request; but offering them no seat he resumed his occupation of cobbling shoes.

'We have come to see you,' said Mr. Jones, drawing a chair forward for his wife.

'Well, now, you've seen me you can go,' was the rude reply.

Mr. Jones took no notice of the incivility, but proceeded:—'I am the new minister, and this is my wife. We are exceedingly anxious to know all the people among whom we have come to live, and so have called upon you.'

The man stared at them, and burst into a mocking laugh. 'I'm no believer in parsons and prayers. You need not waste your time calling upon me. I suppose you know who I am?'

'Not in the least,' replied Mr. Jones, kindly. 'I do not even know your name.'

'It's John Brice, and you'll soon hear enough about me to make your hair stand on end. Don't come here preaching, I warn you'—raising his finger; 'if you want a crust of bread, come; but if you want to convert me, stay away.'

'Thank you,' said Mr. Jones, rising. 'If I were hungry, I would take your crust, but I am not. Do not forget I am here to be your friend, if you need one; and now good-bye.' He rose and left, thinking it unwise to remain longer.

From others Mr. Jones learned that John Brice was the noted infidel and sceptic of the village, and the acknowledged leader in public-house blasphemy.

Several weeks had passed, when little Lettie, the clergyman's daughter, ran into her father's dressing-room with a pair of boots which wanted repairing, exclaiming—'Oh, daddy, wont you have your boots mended? Do let me take them to the cobbler.'

'Indeed you may, my little maid,' replied Mr. Jones.

'Where shall I take them?'

Suddenly there flashed into Mr. Jones's memory the figure of John Brice sitting in his little room cobbling boots.

'I'll send them to him,' was his mental thought, 'just to show him I bear no ill-will for his rude reception of us.'

Taking them from his little girl's hands he tied them together; and yielding to a sudden impulse, he dropped inside one of them a little tract that lay on his dressing-table, entitled 'Have You a Soul?'

Lettie departed with her parcel, and deposited it safely in John Brice's keeping.

At the end of the week Mr. Jones was summoned from his study by the message, 'Somebody wants to speak to you, sir, at the back door.'

There stood John Brice, the mended boots in hand, shifting uneasily from foot to foot, and with a peculiar expression on his face which Mr. Jones did not at first notice.

'Thank you for the job, sir,' he said as he took the payment offered him, adding, with evident difficulty, 'Thank you for the tract.'

'The tract!' echoed Mr. Jones, the incident of placing it in the toe of his boot having escaped his memory.

'The tract in the boot, sir,' replied John Brice; and then, with a still greater effort, 'It's knocked me all to pieces, sir! I'd be right glad if you'd come and see me now, sir.'

As Mr. Jones was afraid Brice was playing the hypocrite, he did not take much notice of his words, and simply wished him 'good morning.'

But the next two Sunday evenings John Brice was in church, to the intense surprise of the whole parish. Mr. Jones, calling on him, found him a changed man, deeply penitent for his sinful past, and earnestly desiring to find pardon and peace through the blood of his once despised Saviour.

Shortly after this John Brice lost his eyesight, and would have had to go to the union, but for a weekly contribution from Christian friends. He soon became an intelligent disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in every place where his voice had been loudest in blasphemy it might now be heard testifying to the power of God and the grace of his Spirit in changing him. The hours of darkness were not lost to John Brice; every visitor was handed his little Bible and earnestly entreated to read aloud from its sacred pages. He would listen to its sweet promises with intense delight, often exclaiming, 'I see, I see!' as some new truth opened out to his view. He would often turn round and say with a smile of singular sweetness, 'I never saw till I was blind.'

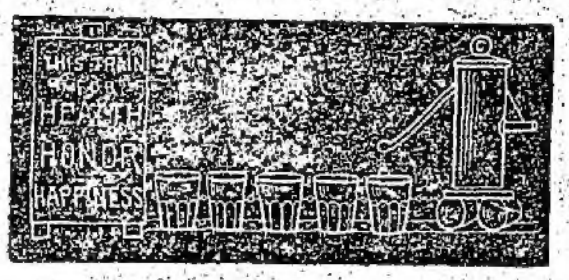
On Sabbath mornings you might have seen him led to the house of God by little Lettie, whose delight it was to be his guide. Suddenly his health failed; all that Christian kindness could do for him in his hours of weakness and pain was done, and Lettie was his constant visitor, sitting by his side to sing her little hymns, or reading his favorite Psalms, helped out by the old man's prompting when a difficult word occurred. He was full of joy, and those who gathered round his death-bed felt that the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ was evidently with him as he passed away.—'American Messenger.'

TWO RAIL ROADS.

H. V. R. R.
B. V. R. R.

These eight letters are a puzzle for you, boys and girls. Sometimes when you have been riding in the cars, have you not looked out of the windows and tried to read the letters on passing trains and guess what they stood for? I will tell you now that R. R. in each of the lines above stands for Rail Road. I am not ready to tell you what the other four letters are for. Perhaps you can guess what they are for, and that would be far better than being told. The H. V. R. R. traverses a happy valley where Health, Honor and Happiness are the stations. The people who live along this road have bright and smiling faces. They are polite to each other. They are friendly. They wear good clothes. They live in comfortable houses. If you will read over again what I have said you will find the name of the rail road H. V. R. R.

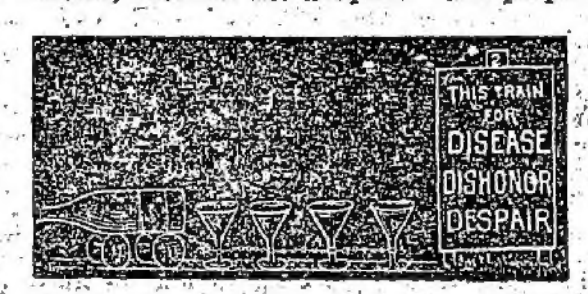
Now I will draw a picture of the Happy



Valley Rail Road. A queer engine it has, to be sure.

Why, it is the old town pump! If you do not like the look of it, you can make something more modern if you wish. You can put a fountain in its place, or you can imagine a 'water-cooler' there, or a handsome decorated china filter, or if you would prefer, you can put a wheel pump there, with the water flying off in every direction, like diamonds sparkling in the sun. I am sure you will not object to the cars on the Happy Valley Rail Road because they are all of glass. A glass of water makes the best kind of 'observation car' from which to look out upon life, far better than the stained glass of the ruby wine-cup.

Let us see if we would like to become passengers on the B. V. R. R. Its stations are Disease, Dishonor and Despair. The people



who live along the line of this road dress mostly in rags. They do not all of them wear shoes. Their faces are bloated and bruised. Their eyes are red. They are unkind to their very best friends. They do not keep their promises. They live in miserable houses; only here and there is a grand palace in which robber-kings live, who make slaves out of all who come into the Black Valley. All through the valley you will see smoke going up from great manufactories where these robber-kings are having chains forged for these slaves. 'Breweries' and 'Distilleries' these places are called. Perhaps you have guessed that B. V. R. R. stands for Black Valley Rail Road.

Look at the style of engine used on this road: a brandy-bottle; sometimes it is a beer-bottle, sometimes a wine-bottle. These engines are always 'fired up.' These Black Valley trains have beer-mugs for second-class coaches, and wine-glasses for first-class. Every day, boys and girls, you will hear the call: 'Take the train on track 2.' 'Take the train on track 1.' Don't get on board without looking at the list of stations.

Get on the right train!—Mrs. W. F. Crafts.

TO AVOID TEMPTATION.

A story is told in the 'United Presbyterian' of a man who once asked an Eastern king how to avoid temptation. The king told him to take a jar brimful of oil, and to carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop. 'If one drop is spilt,' said the king, 'your head shall be cut off.' And he ordered two executioners with drawn swords to walk behind the man, and to carry out his orders. There happened to be a fair going on in the town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked, 'Did you see any one whilst you were walking in the streets?' 'No,' said the man, 'I was thinking only of the oil; I noticed nothing else.' 'Then,' said the king, 'you notice how to avoid temptation! Fix your mind as firmly on God as you fixed it on the vessel of oil. You will not then be tempted to sin.'

'PROBABLE SONS.'

(By the author of 'Eric's Good News.')

CHAPTER II.—David and Goliath.

(Continued.)

Sir Edward Wentworth was, as he expressed it, a 'confirmed bachelor,' and though during the autumn months he was quite willing to fill his house with his London friends, he was better pleased to live the greater part of the year in seclusion, occupying himself with looking after his estate and writing articles for several of the leading reviews of the day.

The advent of his small niece was indeed a great trial to him, but, with his characteristic thoroughness, he determined that he would make the necessary arrangements for her comfort. Accordingly he had a long interview with her nurse the following morning. It proved to be satisfactory. The nurse was a staid, elderly woman, who assured him she was accustomed to the sole charge of the child, and would keep her entirely under her own control.

'I expect you would like her to be sent down to you in the evening—at dessert, perhaps, sir?' she inquired.

Sir Edward pulled the ends of his moustache dubiously. 'Is it necessary? I thought children ought to be in bed at that time.'

'Of course it shall be as you like, sir. You do not dine so late as some do. I thought you would expect to see her once in the day.'

After a little hesitation Sir Edward gave his permission, and when he found that Milly neither screamed nor snatched for the fruit on the table, and did not herself engross the whole conversation, he became quite reconciled to the little white figure stealing in and occupying the chair that was always placed at his left-hand side for her.

Beyond this he saw very little of her whilst his guests were with him; but afterwards, when they had all left him, and he relapsed into his ordinary life, he was constantly coming across her. Sometimes he would find her in the stables, her arms round the stable cat, and the grooms holding a voluble conversation with her, or amongst the cows at the bottom of the paddock, or feeding the pigs and fowls in the poultry yard. Generally she was attended by Fritz, a beautiful collie, who had, with the fickleness of his nature, transferred his affection from his master to her, and though uncertain in temper towards most, was never anything but amiable when with the little girl.

Her uncle's form approaching was quite a sufficient hint to her to make herself scarce; she would generally anticipate the usual formula: 'Now run away, child, to nurse,' by singing out cheerfully: 'I am just off, uncle,' and by the time he had reached the spot where she was standing the little figure would be running off in the distance, Fritz close at her heels.

One afternoon Sir Edward was returning from a stroll up the avenue when he saw the child at play amongst the trees, and for a moment he paused and watched her. She appeared to be very busy with a doll wrapped in a fur rug which she carefully deposited at the foot of the tree; then for some minutes she and Fritz seemed to be having a kind of game of hide-and-seek with one another, until she pushed him into a bush and commanded him to stay there. Suddenly dog and child darted at each other, and then, to Sir Edward's amazement, he saw his little niece seize Fritz by the throat and bring him to the ground. When both were rolling over one another, and Fritz's short, sharp barks became rather indignant in tone, as he vainly tried to escape from the little hands so tightly round him, Sir Edward thought it high time to interfere.

'Millicent,' he called out sharply, 'come to me at once; what are you doing?'

In an instant Milly was upon her feet, and lifting a hot, flushed face to his, she placed herself in her favorite attitude when in his presence: her hands clasped behind her back, and feet closely planted together.

'Don't you know Fritz might bite if you are so rough with him? Were you trying to choke him?' demanded her uncle.

'Yes,' she responded, breathless from her late exertions, 'I was trying to kill him! He's a bear, and that's my lamb, and I am David; that's all.'

A child's games were beyond Sir Edward's comprehension. He looked down upon her with a knitted brow.

She continued:—

'You see, he has to do for both, a bear and a lion, for they both came, and they both tried to get the lamb. Nurse was the lion one day, but she is too big; I can't knock her down, though I try hard.'

'I will not have Fritz knocked down in that fashion; he might hurt you,' said Sir Edward sternly.

Milly looked sorrowful; then brightening up, she asked:

'But I may kill Goliath, mayn't I? Do you know, that is one of my games. See, I'm David, and you see that big old tree standing by itself? That's Goliath. He is looking at me now. Do you see where his eyes come? Just up there in those first branches. When it's windy he shakes his head at me fearful! He's a wicked, wicked old thing, and he thinks no one can knock him down. Do you remember about him, uncle?'

Sir Edward was becoming slightly interested. He leaned against a tree and took out a cigar.

'No, I don't think I do,' he said.

'Don't you remember? He stood up so proud, and called out: "Choose a man to come and fight me." He's saying that to me now. I'm David, you know, and I'm going. Just wait a moment till I'm ready.'

She darted away to where her doll was, and soon returned with a tiny calico bag, which she opened very carefully and disclosed to her uncle's puzzled gaze five round stones.

'You see,' she went on, 'it's a pity I haven't a sling, but Tom in the stable says he will make me a cattypot; that's a lovely sling, he says, which would kill anything. But it's all right; I pretend I have a sling, you know. Now you wait here; I'm going to meet him. I'm not a bit afraid, though he looks so big, because David wasn't, you know. God helped him. Now, Goliath, I'm ready!'

Sir Edward looked on in some amusement as Milly stepped out with regular, even steps until she was about twenty feet from the tree, then suddenly stopped.

'I hear what you say, Goliath. You say you'll give my body to be pecked at and eaten by the birds; but you won't do that, for I am coming, and I am going to kill you.'

And then, with all her strength the child flung her stones one by one at the tree, pausing for some moments when she had done so.

'He's quite dead, uncle,' she said calmly, as she retraced her steps and stood before Sir Edward, again looked up at him with those earnest eyes of hers, 'quite dead; and if I had a sword I would play at cutting off his head. I suppose you wouldn't lend me your sword hanging up in the hall, would you?'

'Most certainly not,' was the quick reply; then taking his cigar from his mouth, Sir Edward asked: 'And does all your play consist in killing people?'

'I only try to kill the bear and lion and Goliath, because they're so wicked and so strong.'

Milly continued,—

'This is such a lovely place to play in—trees are so nice to have games with. Shall I tell you some more? You see that little tree over there? That's where I sit when I'm the probable son, and when I've sat there a long time and been very miserable, and eaten some of the beech nuts that do for husks, then suddenly I think I will go home to my father. It's rather a long walk, but I get happier and happier as I go, and I get to walk very quick at last, and then I run when I see my father. Do you see that nice big old tree right up there with the red leaves, uncle? That's him, and I run up and say, "Father, I have sinned; I am not fit to come back, but I am so sorry that I left you,' and then I just hug him and kiss him; and, do you know, I feel he hugs and kisses me back. He does in the story, you know. And then I have a nice little feast all ready; I get some biscuits from nurse, and a little jam, and some sugar and water, and I sit down and feel so happy to think I'm not the probable son any more, and haven't got to eat husks or be with the pigs. Don't you think that's a beautiful game, uncle?'

'Do you get all your games from the Bible?' inquired Sir Edward. 'I somehow think it is not quite correct,' and he looked very dubiously at his little niece as he spoke.

'Well,' said Milly, the earnest look coming into her eyes again, 'I love the Bible so much, you see. Nurse tells me the stories ever so often, and I know lots and lots of them. But I like the probable son quite the best. Do you like it?'

Sir Edward replaced his cigar in his mouth and strolled on without a reply. His little niece's words awakened very uncomfortable feelings within his heart. Years before he had known and loved his Bible well. He had been active in Christian work, and had borne many a scoff and jeer from his companions when at Oxford for being 'pious,' as they termed it. But there came a time when coldness crept into his Christianity, and worldly ambition and desires filled his soul; gradually he wandered farther and farther away from the right path, and when he came into his property he took possession of it with no other aim and object in life than to enjoy himself in his own way and to totally ignore both the past and future. Beyond going to church once on Sunday he made no profession of religion, but that custom he conformed to most regularly, and the vicar of the parish had nothing to complain of in the way in which his appeals for charity were met by the squire.

It is needless to say that Sir Edward was not a happy man; there were times when he could not bear his own thoughts and the solitude of his position, and at such times there was a hasty departure for town, and some weeks of club life ensued, after which he would return to his home and engross himself in both his literary and country occupations with fresh vigor.

(To be continued.)

'FOLLOW ME.'

In Grandma's Bible here I see
That Jesus whispers, 'Follow me.'

May little children, weak and small,
Obey the loving Saviour's call?

Yes, darling, yes! for long ago
He called them lambs, he loved them so!

But everything that's good and true
His little lambs must try to do.

Their hearts should be in his dear sight
Like spotless lilies, pure and white.

READING IN GRANDMA'S BIBLE.

No naughty ways nor foolish pride
Must lure them from the Shepherd's side;

But every little word they speak,
Be gentle, loving, kind and meek;

Their actions thoughtful and polite,
Their minds intent to do the right;

To follow Jesus every day
Each little child should humbly pray;

And that kind shepherd of the sheep,
Those little lambs will safely keep.

—'Sunbeam.'

'He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar.'—1 John ii., 4.

WHAT IS A CRANK ?

'Why, Harold, my boy, what have you been doing ? You look so hot and sweaty, I should think you had been running a race.'

'Well, mamma, I have been running. Yes, running to get away from the boys. They are just as hateful as can be ; they said you were "a crank," and they kept shouting out "Crank, crank !" as long as they could see me. What is a crank, mamma, and why do they call you a crank ? It is just as mean as it can be ;' and Harold Brown began to cry.

'Come here to me, my boy, and after you have had your face bathed and are a little cooler, inside as well as outside, we will talk about it.'

'There, I feel cooler now,' said Harold ; 'so please tell me about the cranks.'

'I hope the water made you feel cooler inside, as well as on your face, my boy. Did you ever see a crank, Harold ?'

'Why, yes, I have seen cranks ; but I don't see what they have to do with you, anyway, or why anybody should call you a crank.'

'Tell me,' said Mrs. Brown, 'about the cranks you have seen.'

'Well, I've seen the crank to grandpa's grindstone, and to grandma's coffee-mill, and to Aunt Mary's churn. I can't think of any other just now,' said Harold.

'That will do,' said his mamma ; 'but of what use are the cranks ?'

'Why, don't you know ? The grindstone could not turn, nor the coffee-mill grind coffee, nor the churn make any butter if the cranks didn't make them go,' replied the boy.

'Oh, I see !' was the reply ; 'cranks are to make things go, are they ?'

'Of course they are. But, mamma, they called you a temperance crank.'

'And, don't you see, my boy, according to your own definition, what would a temperance crank be but something to make temperance go ? And that is just what some one meant who used the word in their hearing, and so they used it too. And it is a splendid name to give me, so don't feel bad about it any more. You know that is my work, to make temperance go and drunkenness stop. When anyone gets greatly interested in anything good, and puts a great deal of time and labor in it, people, that is some people, are sure to call him or her a crank, because such people make the thing go.'

'Yes, mamma, I'm beginning to see, and I don't feel so bad as I did about it.'

'Why, no ! I suppose some would have called the apostle Paul a crank, because he was so earnest in trying to be like Jesus, his Master, that he said, "This one thing I do—I press forward." But he gained a heavenly crown, because he did press forward. No doubt some would have called Columbus a crank ; but he made things go till he discovered a new world. Very likely Neal Dow has been called a crank many a time, but he made Maine a prohibition state. Our dear Saviour set us the example, showing the same spirit, doing the will of his Heavenly Father, though it caused Him to be crucified ; He kept right on, and did just what He came into the world for, and to-day He is at the right hand of the throne of God. Why, my boy, all the grand work of the world has been done by so-called cranks, who have turned bad things upside down.'

'Well, mamma, I guess the boys didn't know what a nice nickname they were giving you,' said Harold.

'I don't count it a nickname,' said mamma, 'but a title. It is a good title. And I want my boy to remember, that, if he is ever going to do any great good in the world he must be willing to be called "names." If he is going to be like Jesus, he must not fear to be called a crank.'

'Oh, mamma,' said Harold, 'do you think Jesus will be willing to let me be one of His cranks, so I can do some good in the world?' The tears were in Harold's eyes now.

'My dear, we will ask Him,' said mamma ; and, laying her hand on her boy's head, Mrs. Brown asked the Heavenly Father to help him to be good and pure, never afraid to do right ; never afraid to be laughed at ; never afraid to be called a crank, or a fool, even, for Christ's sake.

And when Harold went out again to his play he went feeling kindly toward his playmates, stronger to do right ; stronger to resist wrong, because his mother had so lovingly taken him to help him in the very best way. He is not afraid now of being called a crank.—'Temperance Banner.'

A GENERAL FAVORITE.

'It's mine !'

'It's mine !'

''Tisn't either.'

''Tis. Guess you said I could have it.'

'I never said such a thing.'

'You did.'

'I didn't.'

'Didn't he say so, Willie?' said one of the flushed combatants to a small companion who was looking on with wide open eyes of interest. They were struggling for the coveted possession of a long tin whistle. All three small boys had evidently been tumbling and rolling in the thick dust of the road. Their dark and freckled faces were streaked with dirt, their uncovered heads with their mass of unkempt hair, their brown legs with their slight coverings of rags made them objects of little interest.

'Yes, he did,' nodded the small boy appealed to. 'He said you could have it. I heard him.'

'I didn't. Never said it,' angrily protested little Sammy Scott, kicking out at the offending party, but never loosening for a moment his tight clinch on one end of the long whistle.

Bare legs and brown fists took up the battle in earnest. Willie came to his chum's rescue and together the three rolled and tumbled in the dirt.

'Got it,' shouted a boy, perching himself on top of a rickety old fence in order to see the fun better.

'Look at 'em fight !' he shouted.

'Give him another, Sammy. Punch him in the head, Willie,' he roared from time to time encouragingly, laughing uproariously as he watched the 'youngsters have it out.'

Suddenly his encouraging remarks ceased. Dick Clark was coming down the road on a run. For reasons best known to himself, he preferred to keep quiet till Dick got past. The dark, swarthy looking boy that appeared on a run looked much like his fellows in appearance, except perhaps that there were fewer degrees of dirt on the patched clothes, and a clearer, brighter expression in the face.

'What's all this row about ?' he shouted, bringing himself to an abrupt halt.

'Git up here,' he vigorously added, without waiting for a reply, unceremoniously grabbing at the same time one of the urchins from the tangled assortment of legs and arms, and straightening him out upon his feet.

The other two boys quickly scrambled up, looking shame-faced as they saw it was Dick. They liked Dick. He was always good in his rough way to the little fellows.

'What's the row this time ?' he asked, straightening up and putting his hands in his pockets, looking down on the guilty three with an air of a small judge.

'Johnny says the whistle is his'n, and Sammy says 'tisn't, it's his'n,' said small Willie, coming to the front as being the most disinterested party in the matter, and thus better able to explain.

'What ?' That thing ?' exclaimed Dick, kicking a much flattened piece of tin at his feet.

'Yep,' said Willie, speaking up boldly, 'that's it. Smashed, ain't it ?'

'Looks as if the whistle was all squeezed out of it,' said Dick, putting the battered whistle to his mouth.

'Who wants it ?' He held it out.

But nobody seemed to care for it now. It wouldn't whistle.

''Tain't no good,' said Sammy, eyeing it with a forlorn expression on his face.

'It's flattened all out, and the whistle isn't there,' said Johnny.

'And now nobody can get any fun out of it. Haven't I told you bushels of times that fightin' didn't pay ?' questioned Dick severely. 'Besides it isn't the right thing to do. You were fightin' yesterday. Saw you.'

The boys looked sheepishly at each other at this accusation.

'Johnny wanted my pencil. I found it,' volunteered Sammy.

'I saw it first, anyhow,' cried Johnny.

'Yes, he did, Dick,' chimed in Johnny's staunch defender.

'People that want the whole world is mighty likely not to git anything,' said Dick, throwing down the piece of tin and slipping his hands back into their accustomed place. 'Teacher told us a story she read about a dog once. He al'ays wanted everything himself. One day he was going across a little bridge carrying a bone in his mouth, and he saw a dog in the water with a bone in his mouth, too. It made him mad, and he snapped at him, and his own bone fell in the water, and he didn't git nothin' at all.'

The three small boys at this point all eyed the flattened whistle and understood.

'Want to see something ?' There was a fresh ring in Dick's voice. He was a wise teacher and knew how to change the subject. From one of his pockets Dick drew a half-dozen small cards and laid them out before the admiring eyes of his small friends.

'There is a man in the store uptown that saves them for me,' he said. 'I did an errand for him one day. He's the nicest man in town.'

'That's pretty,' said Sammy, touching gently with his dirty forefinger a clean, white card. There was a wistfulness about the boys' look that free-hearted Dick could not resist.

'I'll give you each one,' he said generously. 'You can pick, only not that one. That's for Liz. She likes the posies. I like 'em, too.'

The boys chose their cards, and sat down by the side of the road to admire and compare. They were friends again. Gus, on the fence, looked disgusted.

'Fun's all up,' he exclaimed discontentedly. 'And all on account of that old Dick. He's always spoiling things. Don't see why everybody likes him so well, giving him cards and things. They never do me.'

Why was it, I wonder ? Can any one tell me ?—Florence M. Ekins, in New York 'Observer.'

'AS A LITTLE CHILD.'

Here is an incident which took place during last Christmas between two of our infant-class children:—

Bertha—'Chrissy; what should you like to have best this Christmas?'

Chrissy—'A dolly.'

Bertha—'So should I. I wonder what we'd better do?'

Chrissy—'My teacher says we ought to ask Jesus for everything we want.'

Bertha—'Let's go and ask Him.'

Away trotted the little mites upstairs, into their bedroom, and, kneeling down together, asked Jesus to send them a dolly.

On Christmas morning the children came downstairs, full of excitement and wonder; and there, sure enough, lay two dollies. 'Oh,' said Bertha, 'I wonder what we ought to do now?'

Again Chrissy came to the rescue. 'Teacher says we ought to thank Jesus when He sends us what we want.'

'Come on, then; let's go and thank Him.'

And off they ran, with their treasures clasped in their arms; and, kneeling down in the very same place where they had sent up their petition, they thanked Jesus for sending them their dollies.

What a lesson for some of us older children. We may not get 'everything we want,' but like the ten lepers, how few of us 'return' to thank Him for what we do receive.

In our young days almost the first words we were taught to say were 'Thank you,' and how often, in our excitement over the gifts bestowed upon us, we had to have the gentle reminder put to us, 'What do you say for it?' So, too, after the many blessings we receive from our Father, might He not put the same question to us, 'What do you say for it?'

If, instead of always looking at our troubles and thinking of our cares and worries, we were to watch his hand, and trace his goodness in all our lives, our mouths would be filled with praise continually.—N. Bristow in 'The Christian.'

A SCAR.

'John,' said a father to his son, 'I wish you would get me the hammer.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Now a nail and a piece of pine board.'

'Here they are, sir.'

'Will you drive the nail into the board?'

It was done.

'Please pull it out again.'

'That's easy, sir.'

'Now, John,' and the father's voice dropped to a lower key, 'pull out the nail hole.'

Every wrong act leaves a scar. Even if the board be a living tree, the scar remains.

TEMPERANCE

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

THE CHIEF KHAMA AND PROHIBITION.

(By John Craig, Missionary.)

It will be remembered that about a year ago three chiefs from Bechuanaland, South Africa, visited England. Their object was to present a petition to the Queen praying that their territories should not be put under the rule of the Chartered Company, but remain under the direct rule of the sovereign. They feared that it would be difficult to exclude the liquor traffic if the Chartered Company held sway. Mr. Chamberlain was sagacious enough to grant their request. They were presented to the Queen and exchanged gifts, the sovereign's present to each chief being a handsomely-bound New Testament and an Indian shawl.

CHIEF KHAMA.

It is needless to say that they returned to South Africa highly delighted with the result of their mission.

The most notable of these three chiefs was Khama, who has been a determined Prohibitionist for many years. On one occasion in writing to the High Commissioner he expressed himself in these brave and pathetic words: 'I fought Lobengula and defeated him, and I can do it again, but I fear the drink.'

Out in India, too, missionaries and their converts see the ruin caused by drink, so last January in the annual gathering of the Godavari Association of Telugu Baptist churches a resolution was passed congratulating the Chief Khama on the success of his visit to England. His acknowledgment was received at Akidu, India, and forwarded to the writer, it was written with a typewriter, and signed by the chief. This Christian Prohibitionist chief is worthy of our sympathy and prayers, and we might well remember him and his people at this time, when they are suffering from famine and other troubles.

(Copy of the Chief Khama's letter.)

Phalapye, Bechuanaland, S. Africa,
May 22, 1896.

The Rev. John Craig, Akidu, Godavari Dist., India:

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the very kind resolution that has reached me from the association over which you preside. I had never before received a message from the people of India, and I am glad to know that there are some people there who sympathize with me in the fight that we try to wage with strong drink. Those of us who fight the drink know how strong is the foe that we fight. He has many names. Sometimes he is called 'Money,' sometimes 'Rascality,' sometimes 'Pleasure,' and sometimes 'Politics,' but his right name is always 'Devil,' but our Chief Officer is stronger than this foe, and by his help we shall overcome.

I desire to greet the people of Jesus Christ who live in your district, and I pray that they may make great progress in all good things.

In this country we are making progress, but our progress is not so fast as we should like. Just recently we have had great trouble here. Since my return from England 'Rinderpest' has broken out among our cattle and has killed from eighty to ninety per cent. It came to us from the Zambesi country. Then this year our crops have failed on account of drought and locusts, so that we are afraid of seeing hunger. But we have seen troubles of this kind before, and yet we live.

I pray you greet the Christians of your association for me, and give them these my thanks for your kind words. I am, yours faithfully,

Khama.

THE MILL AGENT.

One day a loud-looking man called at the door of a farmhouse and accosting the farmer, said:—'You will excuse me, sir, but did I not see you in a conversation just now with the man who is driving away in yonder buggy?' 'You did, sir,' answered the farmer, 'what of it?' 'May I ask what his business was?' went on the stranger. 'He was bargaining with me for the purchase of my saw-logs for his mill, and I have agreed to let him have them.' 'I thought as much,' said the loud person, 'and my errand is much the same. I want to bargain with you for your boys.' 'My boys,' exclaimed the farmer; 'do you think I would sell my boys?' 'I guess so,' replied the man, coolly, and the farmer grew very hot and angry. 'Hold up, my friend,' he went on, 'you vote the license ticket, don't you? Then you give your approval to the business I am in. I also run a mill—whiskey mill—and I require boys to keep it going, just as that other man requires logs for his. Now, I don't ask you to deliver the goods just now. You sign this paper, and I will get the boys all in good time.' 'Sir,' began the farmer, indignantly. But the other stopped him. 'Oh,' said he, you want to know about the price? It will be the amount of the license fees, which will reduce your taxes, you know. Ah, I thought you were a man of business sense.' And the farmer forthwith signed the petition for the opening of another saloon in the neighborhood.

Moral—The gin-mill would stop if sordid parents were not willing to sell their boys to keep it going.—'American Paper.'

IS ALCOHOL A POISON?

This question, as we learn from 'Le Bien Sociale' of Belgium, is thus answered by Dr. Laborde of the Paris Faculty of Medicine:—

'Yes, alcohol is a poison, because it produces those derangements or serious accidents, even mortal, which strike at once the body and the mind. It prevents the man walking straight and causes him to stagger and fall; it makes him tremble and gives him convulsive shocks; it makes him foolish and criminal, driving him on to murder his mates and even his nearest relations; it reduces him to the state of an imbecile, an idiot, and a brute—that is to say, to the level, and even below that, of an animal. And, beyond that, it condemns him to be the parent of unhealthy children—deformed, epileptic, imbecile, or idiots—disposed to murder their fellows and become criminals.

'Such is a short picture of alcoholic poisoning or alcoholism.'

COUNTING FOR THOUSANDS.

'How I wish my signature could count for thousands?' said a young lady, when speaking of a petition for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drink.

She had good reason for her wish. The shadow of intemperance had fallen on her own heart and home—she knew what she spoke of, and had felt how much of wretchedness and sorrow and disgrace one drunkard can bring upon the innocent members of a family.

How little does the thoughtless world know of the bitterness of this awful curse which turns loving sons, tender husbands, and sober, honest citizens into drunken hoodlums, lying thieving hypocrites, and ugly and unreasonable brutes. And this work is going on every hour of every day and night that passes over our heads. And men are licensed, permitted, and protected in doing this devilish work. And wives are weeping, and mothers are mourning, and children are suffering, while scheming politicians are calculating to see how many votes they can get by joining hands with foreign rumsellers, and newspapers are publishing lies by the yard to deceive the people and are drawing on the distillers and brewers for their pay. 'How long, O Lord, how long?'—'Safeguard.'

RIGHTEOUS INTOLERANCE.

Charles Sumner once replied to one who said on the slavery question, 'Hear the other side;' 'Hear the other side! There is no other side.'

Thus it is with the drink evil. There is, there can be, no other side for the Christian. Our position must ever be—not watchful neutrality, but active, deadly hostility—until we conquer.

'I CANNOT AFFORD IT.'

A young man was invited by a friend to enter a place of amusement which, though very popular and by many looked upon as moral, would not be an uplift to him in his Christian life, and his reply was: 'No, I cannot afford it.'

'Do not let that make any difference,' urged his companion, 'I will gladly buy your ticket.'

'You misunderstand me,' replied the more thoughtful of the two. 'I was not thinking of dollars and cents, but of precious time, and in how many more profitable ways I could spend my evening.'

'O well, perhaps you are right in the main, but it won't do for a young fellow to be prudish and narrow; he will make a laughing stock of himself. Go just this once to please me.'

But the other replied manfully and firmly: 'No, the last time I went there cost me too dear, and I made up my mind I could not run such a risk again.'

'Explain yourself,' urged his friend. 'Didn't get your pocket picked, did you?'

'It was a spiritual loss I suffered,' was the low reply. 'Perhaps you will think me weak, but the jokes and comic songs I listened to that night seemed to drive all good thoughts from my mind for many days, and when once I regained what I had lost I determined that nothing should tempt me to go where my King would not lead the way.'

What a noble answer, says a writer in 'Young People's Weekly.' How it would rejoice my heart to know that every King's son who reads this paper had the courage to meet temptations with such a refusal!

DID NOT DREAM OF IT.

We were talking with a gentleman about the use of tobacco. He had just lighted his pipe and had settled himself for a comfortable smoke, and as we declined the profferred cigar, he said, 'You don't know what comfort is. You have no idea what a comfort and blessing it is for a man to have a good, solid, comfortable smoke.'

We answered that we were afraid to know on account of the danger to some one else. He looked up and said with surprise, 'Why, what do you mean? I am no hindrance to anybody else, I smoke my pipe or my cigar and enjoy it. I am happy. It is nobody else's business.'

We said, 'You have got boys?' 'Yes,' he said, 'three.' 'Do you want them to do the same?' 'Well,' he said, 'I naraly know. I have not permitted the boys to do it.' 'Then you do not think your boys use tobacco?' He said, 'No, sir, they do not. Have never touched it.' We replied, 'Are you sure about Albert?' Albert was in the Sunday-school class, 'Sure? Why, of course I'm sure. He never touched it in the world.' We said, 'Your boy does use cigarettes, and only last Sunday was seen smoking a cigar. When cautioned and talked to about it, he said "Father does. My father is a good man, and I will do what father does."'

The man jumped from his seat in great excitement. 'Why, you don't mean to tell me that my boys are using tobacco?' We said, 'Your boys are.' 'What, my boys use tobacco when I have forbidden them! I will thrash them. I will———.'

After further talk and conference over the matter, he was led to see that he was a stumbling block to his own boys, and not only to them, but also to other boys, other young men and other men.

Any one and every one who is doing anything which is hindering others is injuring the public morals. This can not fail to be the case.

We talked with a prosperous man of the world, but he said, 'That is none of your business whether I smoke or not.' We admitted that it was not, but upon asking him about his office boy, who was the son of a particular friend of his, he said, 'Well, that boy is good, straight and true as can be. He never touches it.'

We had to beg his pardon and say to him, 'Have you noticed him lately? Do you know what he does behind your back? How he quotes you and how he is smoking his cigars and cigarettes?'

He was dumfounded and said, 'I never smoked in his presence in the world. I never knew he had seen me smoke or use tobacco.'—'Gospel News.'

HOW THE CHILDREN RAISED THE WIND.

(By Edna Lyall.)

CHAPTER IV.—The Result.

There was a curious stir and bustle in the house when they opened the door and triumphantly set down the organette in the hall.

'You are sure they are not in the garden?' they heard mother's voice saying anxiously.

'Here we are, mother!' cried Mowgli at the top of his voice. 'Oh! we've had such a splendid time!'

The good news that the children were found soon spread. Daddy came hurrying in from the garden, and the housemaid from the bedrooms, where she had been searching in every nook and cranny, feeling convinced that they were only hiding to play her a trick.

'We've been dancing and playing the organettō in the public gardens!' exclaimed Mowgli.

'My dear children!' exclaimed mother, in horrified accents.

'Mother dear, it was our secret that I specially asked you about,' said Fay. 'You know you said we might.'

'In the public gardens, dear!' said mother, still shocked and dismayed.

But the parson burst out laughing, and in the end mother was obliged to let the corners of her mouth relax, for she caught sight of 'Pity the Poor Church!' on Poodle's neck, and that was too much for her.

'We got a lot in the gardens, and then we played outside Mr. Britton's house; and he's as kind as he can be,' said Fay. 'He said it was too cold for us and gave us tea, and he liked the organette awfully and the shawl dance, too, and he brought us back in his carriage. I'm afraid he had it out on purpose for us, for as we opened our gate I heard him say "home" to the coachman.'

'Look what he gave to Poodle,' said Mowgli, as Fay gleefully unlocked the money-box. 'A whole five-pound note! And here's three half-sovereigns we got before, and one, two, three half-crowns, and ever so many sixpences and shillings!'

That was a very happy evening, and the children felt that their plan had worked well. But the next morning Fay woke up to find a raging pain in all her bones, and when she tried to move she found that she was set fast, and was as helpless as a baby.

'This is what comes of your foolish pranks,' said nurse, severely. 'You have caught a dreadful cold.'

Poor Fay did not attempt to deny it, but it was, alas! much more than a bad cold; it was a dangerous attack of rheumatic fever. The little figure that had danced so lightly and gracefully now lay racked with pain, and poor Mowgli, with a doleful face, had to carry his father's note of gratitude to old Mr. Britton without his friend and playmate.

It chanced that Mr. Britton was pacing up and down his own drive when the child approached.

'Good morning,' he said, kindly; 'what have you done with your sister?'

'She's very ill,' said Mowgli, sorrowfully.

Mr. Britton made further inquiries of the servant who had brought the child. He gathered that Fay was dangerously ill, and his kind heart, in which there had always been a special place for little children, grew sad as he thought of the brave little fairy dancer suffering such cruel pain.

'Come into the greenhouse with me,' he said to Mowgli, 'and we will cut some grapes for her. To-morrow you can bring back the basket and come and tell me how she is.'

For the next ten days Mowgli brought daily bulletins, but they were never very hopeful. One day the paper on which the message was written was blistered with tears. Mother had written it when hope was over; the words were: 'Much weaker—seems to be passing quietly away.'

The old man's hands trembled a little as he folded up the paper. He paced along the garden-walk in silence. Death had no terrors for him; he was willing enough to die himself, but to him, as to Charles Kingsley, the death of a child seemed the mystery of mysteries, the most perplexing of all perplexing problems.

'Come and cut the grapes,' he said to Mowgli.

'I think, sir,' said the servant, 'there'll be no need for—'

Mr. Britton silenced her by one of those looks which reduced people to abject terror.

'Come,' he said, with resolute cheerfulness. 'We have only to see to the grapes; that's our part.'

Something in the sturdy bearing of his old friend cheered poor little Mowgli, who was feeling, as children do feel, the terrible weight of the home atmosphere.

'Do you really think Fay may get well and—and eat them,' he faltered.

'I shall hope that she will do so,' said the old man, 'until I know it's impossible. Come, which are her favorites?'

'Those lovely big purple ones,' said Mowgli.

And he went home cheered and ready to cheer the rest.

As for old Mr. Britton, he went back to his library and paced to and fro in deep thought.

'She of her penury,' he muttered to himself, 'hath cast in all that she hath. Must this brave little maid die because people will not give so that they feel the giving?—because we will only give to the Lord that which costs us nothing?'

He was not the only one in Rickworth who asked himself that question while Fay lay dying because she had worked 'not wisely but too well.'

The treasurer was astonished to see how subscriptions began to flow in for the new church; but he hesitated to mention the matter to the parson, who went about his daily work with such a broken-hearted look that kindly people took care not to trouble him with unnecessary words. He felt that he had his people's sympathy, and that was enough for him.

On the evening of the day when Mowgli had carried the hopeless bulletin to Mr. Britton, Fay looked drowsily up into her mother's face.

'I've been dreaming I was in that boat in the picture,' she said, looking up at the Norwegian fjord that shaded the gas. 'Do sing me "White Wings," mother! Mr. Britton liked it that day.'

So mother sang as well as she could—

'Sail home! as straight as an arrow
My barque speeds along on the crest of the sea.'

'Mother,' said the weak little voice, 'there's a beautiful lady stroking the pain out of my legs; she's the lady in Mr. Britton's picture over the fireplace.'

Mother only said she was glad the pain was going. Then she went on singing 'White Wings,' soothingly.

After that little Fay fell asleep.

* * * * * *

'Better?' said Mr. Britton, anxiously, when the next day he met Mowgli in the drive.

'Much better—out of danger,' said Mowgli, capering about gleefully in the happy reaction from an overwhelming anxiety.

'Come and fetch more grapes,' said Mr. Britton, cheerfully. 'You see they suit her.'

Afterwards he took the child into the library while he wrote a note to the parson.

Mowgli stood on the hearthrug gazing steadfastly at the picture above the mantelpiece. It was of a lady with a gentle, motherly face; in her hands she held some 'Gloire de Dijon' roses.

'Do you know,' said Mowgli, confidentially, 'I heard mother say that last night, just before Fay got that sleep that saved her, she said the lady in this picture came and stroked away her pain.'

A most wistful look came into the face of the man the Rickworthians deemed hard.

'Do you mind telling me whose picture it is?' said Mowgli, politely.

'It is my dear wife's picture,' said Mr. Britton, and the child knew, from the vibration in his voice, that he spoke of one who was dead.

'Ah! then,' said Mowgli, softly, 'Fay was very likely right, and it wasn't just a fey'rish fancy, as nurse said.'

Mr. Britton patted the little fair head, but did not speak.

* * * * * *

After that, Fay recovered fast. By Christmas day she was downstairs once more, but of course there could be no going out for her. The day was gloriously bright and frosty; she watched all the people trooping to church, and longed to be out in the sunshine, too. Recovery was a very tedious process, and she was beginning to think that a lonely Christmas morning was a most doleful thing, when, to her surprise, and delight, the gate opened, and a tall, portly old gentleman walked up to the house. She recognized Mr. Britton in a moment, and flew to open the door for him.

'Why, my little maid,' he said, stepping inside quickly, and himself closing the door, 'you have not yet learned prudence, I see. Come in to the fire, or your nurse will be taking me to task.'

So they sat and chatted together like old friends, while Poodle lay on the rug watching them with his clear brown eyes, and perhaps recalling that wearisome day when he had been forced to carry the money-box, and to demean himself by begging for the church—a thing which no well-bred dog had ever before been required to do.

'Daddy is so pleased,' said Fay. 'Everybody has given now—the poor people and the rich people, and the ones in between; and they all seem to care somehow. There's only one thousand now to clear off.'

'My dear, I think we may regard the debt as no longer in existence,' said old Mr. Britton, giving a farewell kiss to the little thin, white-faced invalid. 'Give that envelope to your father when he comes back, and say it is from an anonymous giver, and is to be entered with the rest of the "Children's Fund."'

'Anonymous?' said Fay. 'Is that the same person who wrote so many poems in "Select English Poetry"?'

Mr. Britton went out chuckling. 'Some one of that family, I should think,' he said. 'Good-bye, my dear. A happy Christmas to you.'

* * * * * *

'Daddy!' said Fay, eagerly, when later on she watched her father's face as he opened the envelope, 'has one of the anonymous family really killed the debt?'

The parson's eyes had a strange light in them.

'Yes,' he said, turning hastily away.

Mowgli relieved the tension of the moment by a vociferous cry of 'Three cheers for him!'

Whereupon they all hurrahed till mother begged for mercy. Then, rushing to the organette, Mowgli began to play 'White Wings' with all the energy in his being, while Fay, for the first time since her illness, caught Poodle by the fore-paws and gayly waltzed round the room with him.

And that was how the children raised the wind.

THE END.

THE WAY.

'I won't carry it,' said the little cousin, with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window and saw the trouble.

'One day I saw the picture of three little birds,' she said. 'They wanted a long stick carried somewhere; but it was too large for any of them to carry. What do you think they did?'

'We don't know,' said the twins.

'They all took hold of it together,' said mamma, 'and then they could fly away with it.'

The children laughed and looked at each other. Then they all took hold together of the basket and found it very easy to carry.

'The way to do all the hard things in this world,' said mamma, 'is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all; but every one can help.'—'Sun.'

BICYCLE VS. CIGARS.

A tobacco journal states that the falling off in the demand for cigars will amount to 70,000,000 cigars, and this loss is generally credited to cycling.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

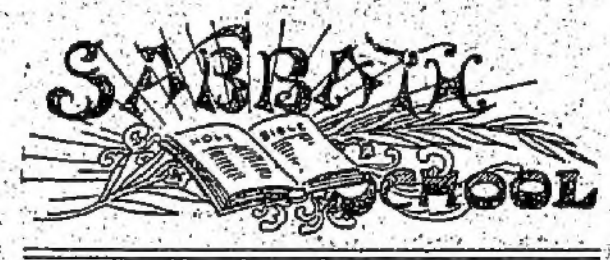
A boy can make the world more pure,
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for Nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure,
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more pure
By an exalted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?

—'Christian's Friend.'



BENEVOLENCE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

(By a Teacher.)

The great cry of the Christian Church to-day is for money. The great demand on every field is for money. Almost frantic are the appeals which go with increasing frequency throughout God's Zion for additional means to carry on the work of the kingdom. Why all this worry and hurry to secure sufficient 'sinews of war' to fight the battles of our King? No one has ever yet lisped the thought that God's people did not have the money. We all know better. We would never dare to plead our poverty as an excuse for the barrenness of the Lord's treasury. The great question that confronts the leaders in Christian enterprises is not how to create new sources of supply, but how to obtain even a legitimate proportion of the means which God has already placed in the hands of His people. The solution of this problem may be found in the Sunday-school.

Childhood is preëminently the time for moulding and shaping character. As a rule, early impressions sink deeper and last longer. Statistics tell us that the large majority of conversions take place before the age of twenty. The mind and heart of the child are pliable and easily influenced; and if right principles are ever inculcated it must be before habits become fixed and character becomes rigid.

Now we believe it is just as practicable to teach the children right giving on Christian principles as it is to teach them right living. As we try to save their souls, let us seek also to save their pocket-books. Many parents instruct their children to lay up their pennies, and it is certainly admirable to teach them to be saving and economical, but who shall say that much of the greedy, grasping spirit which is manifested in so many to-day was not learned in the very nursery by that policy, directed no doubt in all kindness and sincerity, which taught the child to hoard, but never give? With such a start, a man's whole life has been spent in the school of covetousness. He never has been educated to give. He never has known the blessedness and the duty of Christian benevolence—and he never will. Nothing short of a stupendous miracle will make him open his hand in liberal giving after he has cultivated for many years the miserly spirt.

A professing Christian man, in good standing in his church, as rich as Croesus and as stingy as Dives, may have benevolence preached to him every week-day and twice on Sunday, and the only result will be to make him mad and more stingy than ever; or he may be like the brother of whom we once heard who was wealthy, but exceedingly close-fisted. His pastor prepared and preached a strong sermon for this brother's special benefit. Immediately at the close of the sermon the brother rushed towards his pastor, and grasping his hand, said earnestly, 'Pastor, that was a grand sermon, but I didn't take a word of it; but it was just what they needed.' That little boy was wiser than he knew who, when asked, as he was passing a large, deformed tree, what caused its peculiar shape, promptly responded: 'Guess some one trod on it when it was little.' The crooked sticks in the world and in the Church, out of harmony with every person and every thing, were bent and crooked in youth; and the deformity has become fixed and more prominent and ugly; it cannot be altered. But the young twig can be straightened, and the child can be 'trained up in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.'

We would not only urge that contributions be taken systematically, but that the scholars should understand definitely the object for which they are contributing. It will be very easy for officers and teachers to arouse the personal interest of the children in the various branches of Christian work, and soon they will come to look forward with eagerness to the Sundays on which they can contribute for these benevolent objects, and their young, sympathetic hearts will be glad at the thought that they can do something for the destitute and the perishing, in the name and for the sake of Jesus, their Saviour.

Then teach the children to give; the ground of giving; the work for which they give; the blessedness and the rewards of giving. They will soon learn to give from principle; the spirt of true benevolence will be born in their hearts, nevermore to die away; they will always love to lend a helping hand to every righteous and Christian enterprise. Christianize the boys and girls of to-day, and the coming generation will be Christian. Make liberal-hearted and benevolent from principle—not impulse—the youth of the present, and they will become the princely givers of the future. Educate the children to give 'as God doth prosper them,' and ere long they will gladly lay their rich and bounteous gifts upon His altar; every department of Christian endeavor will receive a mighty onward impulse; and there will be 'enough and to spare' in the treasury of the Lord.—'Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON III.—Oct. 18, 1896.

1 Kings 4: 25-34.

SOLOMON'S WEALTH AND WISDOM.

Commit to Memory Vs. 29, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT

Them that honor me I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.—1 Sam. 2: 30.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. The Riches of Solomon. Vs. 25-28.
II. The Wisdom of Solomon. Vs. 29-31.
III. The Words of Solomon. Vs. 32-34.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 4: 1-19—Solomon's Princes and Officers.
T. 1 Kings 4: 20-34—Solomon's Wealth and Wisdom.
W. Matt. 6: 19-34—'Seek ye First the Kingdom of God.'
Th. Prov. 2: 1-9—'The Lord Giveth Wisdom.'
F. Prov. 4: 1-13—Wisdom the Principal Thing.
S. Prov. 4: 14-27—The Path of the Just.
S. Matt. 19: 16-30—The Danger of Wealth.

Time.—B. C. 1014.
Place.—Jerusalem.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

The chapter from which our lesson is taken describes the glory and magnificence of Solomon's kingdom during its most flourishing years. The description opens with lists of his princes and officers. Vs. 1-19. Then follows a picture of the prosperity of the people, the great extent of Solomon's empire, and the immense provision made for his household and stables. Vs. 20-28. An account of his world-famed wisdom closes the chapter. 'Under his vine and under his fig tree' (v. 25) was a proverbial expression descriptive of peaceful prosperity. 'From Dan even to Beer-sheba' meant the whole extent of the territory occupied by the twelve tribes, as we would say 'From Maine to Texas.' Solomon's dominion, however, extended far beyond these boundaries, to surrounding lands which were tributary to his kingdom. 'Those officers' (v. 27) refers to the 'twelve officers' mentioned in verse 7, who were stationed in different parts of the empire, and each of whom, in his month, had to gather from his district provision for the royal household. 'Largeness of heart.' V. 29. A mind able to comprehend the knowledge of many and difficult subjects. Solomon was a poet, a philosopher, and a naturalist. Vs. 32, 33. Thus God answered his prayer for wisdom, and far exceeded it, making Solomon the most glorious and honored sovereign of his time.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does 1 Kings, ch. 4, give an account? What are given in vs. 1-19? Where were the 'twelve officers' (vs. 7) stationed? What was their duty? How is the prosperity of the people described? Vs. 20, 25. What is said of Solomon's wisdom? Vs. 29, 30. Of his fame? Vs. 31, 34. How did he show his wisdom? Vs. 32, 33.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. God's blessing on a country brings peace and prosperity.

2 When we choose right things God adds other blessings.

3. It is God from whom comes the wisdom we need.

4. Those whom God teaches are prepared to teach others also.

5. A greater than Solomon is here asking our heart's honor.—'Westminster Lesson Book.'

THE LESSON STORY.

Solomon asked wisdom of the Lord and he gave it to him. He gave him, too, what he did not ask, great riches and honor.

It was a time of great peace and prosperity in all Isreal. Solomon had not asked wisdom for his sake, but for the sake of his people, that he might be able to rule them wisely and well. He ruled them so well that there was peace in all the land. The nation grew in numbers, and the people had plenty and dwelt safely without fear. This lasted all the time of Solomon's reign, and throughout all the land of Isreal.

Solomon's court was a very rich and generous one. Thousands ate at his table each day. He had forty thousand horses for his chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen. There was plenty for all, for Solomon used his great riches as well as his wisdom to help and bless others.

But his wisdom was more and greater than his riches. God gave it to him, and he gave him a large heart so that he might know how to use all his great gifts. Solomon's wisdom was more than any other man's; he spoke three thousand proverbs, and besides these he wrote many songs. People came from far away to hear the wisdom of Solomon because it was so great.—Berean Lesson Book.

ILLUSTRATION.

Wealth. Solomon and his servants 'lacked nothing.' V. 27. God's anointed ones never lack. Their song is always Ps. 23: 1; Gen. 22: 14. Marg. A gentleman once met a poor London waif singing lustily 'Glory to God.' He stopped the boy, whose appearance indicated that he had known suffering and want, and asked, 'What are you shouting "Glory" for?' 'Cause I am happy, sir!'

'Happy! What do you mean?' 'I gave my heart to God, sir, and I'm happy. I was a great sinner; but Jesus died on the cross for me; his blood washed away all my sin, and now I'm happy.' The lad's earnest, simple faith touched the man's heart, his eyes grew moist as he asked, 'How long have you been happy?' 'Only a month, sir.'

'Where were you converted?' 'In the Lake-Road Mission Hall.'

'Where Mrs. Booth preaches?'

'Yes; I gave myself up to God there one night, and I don't want for anything now. I pray to God, and he sends me jobs.'

'What business are you in, my boy?' 'I ain't in no regular business, I'm an errand boy; but I pray to God, and he sends me jobs. I have no job to-day yet, but God will send me one. I never want now.'

If your life does not correspond with that of the psalmist, or of the little Salvation Army waif, there is something wrong. Either you have not, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving made your request known, Phil. 4: 6, 7; or you have not by faith taken what God is holding out to you, 1 John 5: 14, 15; or you have misunderstood your real need, or your hour of need is not fully come. Once in our Missionary Institute we were out of coal and money. We told our 'want' to the Lord, asking him to 'supply' all our 'need,' expecting the coal would come immediately, Phil. 4: 19. But two days went by and neither coal nor money were donated. We found by having our ashes sifted there was plenty of cinders for the small stoves, and we had an abundance of hard wood for the larger stoves. The lessons we learned in those two days of patience, economy and sympathy for the poor were our real 'need' and not the coal. Abundantly God fulfilled his word and supplied the real need and still fulfilled his promise, 'There is no want to them that fear him.'—'Arnold's Practical Commentary.'

C. E. PRAYER MEETING TOPICS AND DAILY READINGS.

OUR BEST.

The lookout committee. 2 Cor. 5: 16-21.
The prayer meeting committee. 2 Chron. 7: 13-22.
The social committee. Neh. 8: 9-18.
The music committee. Ps. 66: 1-8.
The flower committee. 1 Chron. 16: 23-29.
The executive committee. 1 Cor. 14: 23-30, 40.
Oct. 18.—Are we doing our best?—Mat. 5: 13-16; 25: 14-30.

TRANSITION NUMBER.

We are glad to greet our readers for the first time in this our new form, and hope it will in every way meet with their approval. But such changes are not made in a day, and this one is not yet complete. This first enlarged number we would denominate the 'Transition Number,' with the hope that the next one will complete the change and be a fine sample of what the paper will be.

PRIZES FOR BIBLE STUDY.

Wisely given prizes are of great value in Sunday-school work. This has been proven to the publishers of the 'Messenger' many times over in the letters they have received from Sunday-school workers referring to the prizes we have offered in the past. That the children value them is shown by the numbers who have taken part in the different competitions. With this first number of the enlarged 'Northern Messenger' we offer new prizes for a new competition. Teachers, look at the particulars and see if it will not add new interest to your class this fall to have your scholars take part. Prizes are given both for juniors and seniors.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, ATTENTION!

A NEW BIBLE COMPETITION—SIX HANDSOME PRIZES.

Solomon is the subject of our Sunday-school lessons for the next two months. Every Sunday-school scholar, either in the Sunday-school proper or in the Home Department of the Sunday-school, is invited to send in to this office a sketch of the life of Solomon. For these SIX HANDSOME PRIZES are offered. Read carefully the following

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. Essays must not exceed 700 words.
2. Write on paper the size of note, and on one side of the sheet only.
3. Pin the sheets together at the left hand upper corner.
4. On the right hand upper corner of the first sheet write plainly (1) a fictitious name or motto, (2) your age, (3) the name of your Sunday-school and name and address of your superintendent.
5. Enclose in a sealed envelope your full name and post-office address. On the envelope write the fictitious name or motto which you have written on the corner of your sketch, and pin the envelope firmly to the upper left hand corner of the top sheet.
6. Sketches must be neither rolled nor folded, but mailed flat.
7. Sketches must be mailed not later than Nov. 30.
8. Address all sketches to

'Northern Messenger' Bible Competition,
John Dougall & Son,
Montreal.

AUTUMN QUERIES.

Have you taken stock of your available forces and laid your plans for the winter's work? Do it at once if you want to gather strong headway. Are your Sunday-school classes thoroughly reorganized with no absentee teachers? Have you in your library enough books? Enough books of the right kind? Have you decided what missionary work you will do this year, what money you need to raise as your school's share of the work of your denomination, and how you plan to raise it?

What work are you going to take up in your Christian Endeavor Society? You must do something besides 'talking good' one evening a week. If your society does not work it cannot thrive—it cannot even live. The missionary society of your denomination is in great need of funds. Choose some one missionary for your very own, and pay at least one month of his or her salary this year. Write and tell him that you will do it. You will get a letter in return which will more than repay the effort and will help you raise the money.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE IN CANADA.

The Boys' Brigade, which has proved such a success in England, has come to Canada to stay. On another page is an account of the recent competition of the seven Toronto companies and the presentation of the flag by the Governor-General, who is president of the Canadian Brigade. The 'Northern Messenger' in its new form extends greetings to these young Christian soldiers of Canada, and wishes them Godspeed in their work. Boys, let us hear from you.

GRAVE STONES AGAINST SINS.

A Canadian Missionary who has been in the heart of the late Armenian troubles, and who has been employed in distributing the relief funds wrote of one relief trip last June:

'I passed several large Moslem cemeteries in which each grave had at the head and foot an enormous stone, often the remains of a marble pillar, possibly from some Christian Church. The idea is that the grave stones are to be thrown into the balance when the final accounts are made up to weigh against sins committed. So the larger the stone the greater the chance of admission to paradise.

THE CENTENNIAL OF VACCINATION.

Next year is to be an almost world wide celebration of the centennial of vaccination. On May 14, 1796, Dr. Edward Jenner was able to inoculate James Phipps, a boy about eight years old, with cow-pox matter. On the first of the following July the boy was inoculated with variolous matter, but, as Dr. Jenner had predicted, no smallpox followed. In 1802 the Royal Jennerian Society was organized, and in the first eighteen months more than twelve thousand persons were vaccinated. The result was that while during the latter half of the past century the deaths in England from smallpox had averaged 2,018 annually, in 1804 they fell to 622.

MORAL GYMNASTICS.

A college boy once wrote to his father:—'It has always seemed to me that when we have unusually hard trials or temptations it is in a way only a compliment to our character, for we know that we shall never have any temptation that is, with God's help, too hard to stand.' There is the making of a man in that boy. Let boys learn to value moral gymnastics as they value physical training in the gymnasium and on the playground, and we shall hear less weak, sentimental talk of the temptations boys have to encounter and condoning of their wrongdoings on that account. Boys, be manly boys, and you will grow to be manly men.

WELL DONE, PARRY SOUND.

Mrs. Owen Hitchcox writes enthusiastically of the beautiful town of Parry Sound, on the Georgian Bay. In this town are five good hotels, and not a bar-room in any one of them. The liquor traffic has been outlawed since the inception of the town, through the influence of Mr. Beattie, known as Governor Beattie, the founder of the town. Mr. Beattie owned all the land upon which the town is built, and in making the sale of land to purchasers each deed had a special clause prohibiting the sale of liquor for all time to come.

'During my work of six years as Gospel Temperance Lecturer, and after visiting almost every town and city in Canada,' Mrs. Hitchcox says, 'it was indeed encouraging to find one town at least in our fair Dominion where the hotels were made to pay without the obnoxious bar-room.

'In private conversation with the manager of one of the best summer hotels in the country, he told me that he had proved after sixteen years' experience that hotel business could be made to pay well without a bar-room, and that any one saying anything to the contrary did not know what they were talking about. The rest of the hotels are carried on on the same principle, and the week spent in that town was a pleasure not soon to be forgotten, and I trust that the day is not far distant when the liquor traffic will be outlawed, not only in Parry Sound but in every town and city in this beloved Canada of ours.'

'MESSENGER' ARMENIAN FUND.

The following contributions have been sent in since our last issue:—From Picnic Grove Sunday-school, per Maggie A. Wightman, treasurer, $10; H. E. W., Oakville, $10; Somebody's Mite, $1; A Friend, 50 cents; Cecelia Thompson, $1; Sidney Presbyterian Church Sunday-school, per Chas. Ketcheson, $6.50; Bethesda League, Precious Corners, per Mrs. J. W. Watt, $5; Our Mite, a small gift from a Sunday-school class in Rockburn, Que., 50 cents; F. H. S., Vernon, B.C., $1.

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